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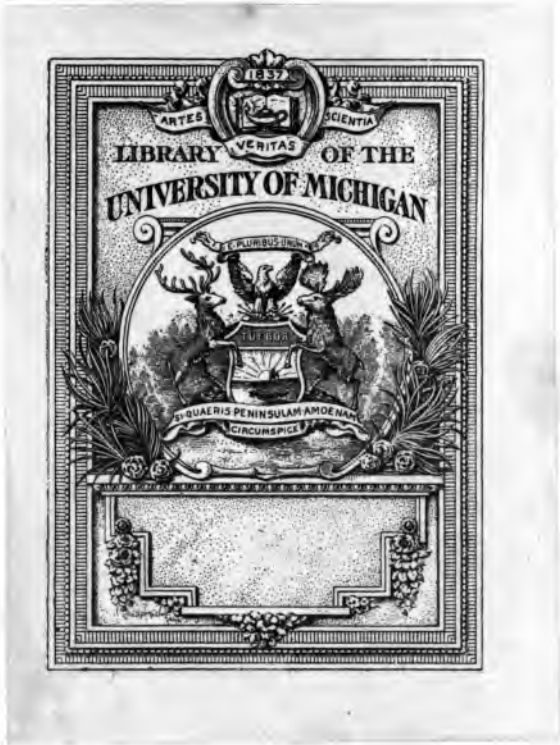

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THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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Champ Clark

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DEDICATED
TO
THE YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA

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He is a diplomat, and a born leader of men. His long consistent public career, his achieving experience and efficient leadership qualify him for the Presidency.

Following his success in the Speakership, to assume the duties of the Presidency would be as natural as stepping from one room to another.

William McKinley owed much of his success in the White House to his sixteen years in Congress, to the knowledge gained and the friendships formed there. When he recommended legislation to Congress, he was suggesting it to his old friends and associates. Speaker Clark has served eighteen years in the House, and has reached the highest place in a body where every man sooner or later gravitates inevitably into the place for which he is fitted by nature and training.

I believe in Champ Clark.

Kansas City, Mo., May 27, 1912.

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Champ Clark

CHAPTER I

Ancestry

Adrial Clark, the grandfather of Champ Clark, lived at Egg Harbor, N. J. He was a man of great wealth, and was the owner of many seagoing vessels. He lost his first wife and afterward married a popular Quaker maid, Miss Elizabeth Archer. A son of the first marriage was the captain of one of the Clark vessels that went down at sea, and he perished with his ship. The name of this captain was given to the youngest child of the second marriage, the thirteenth of the Clark children, John Hampton Clark, the father of Champ Clark.

Adrial Clark died. His ships were all lost, and the remainder of the fortune, being invested in factories that manufactured glass, was dissipated by the surviving partner. The Quaker mother was reduced from opulence to poverty. Unable to educate her children or to provide for them, she bound out her youngest child, John Hampton Clark, as an apprentice to a carriage and wagonmaker.

The boy went to the task as to a penance. Nature had endowed him with talents and an aspiring mind. He

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often to mock him and to dispute with him and to be intensely delighted when he fought back like a catamount. His tongue was as sharp as a briar. He delighted to sting the scoffers with his rude sarcasm, and to call down upon their heads the wrath of God for their doubts and gibes.

His energetic teaching, his profound interest in young folks, his unwearying patience in imparting useful knowledge, and his shrewd worldly sagacity—these qualities gave to John Hampton Clark the power to measure and to master men. And his good work lives after him. Thus he passed through the Kentucky backwoods country singing psalms, organizing children's classes in Bible study, and now and then practicing dentistry. Little Champ, who went along, grew up in this atmosphere of argumentative turbulence, and by hundreds of examples learned readiness in debate, the proper cutting word, the biting retort. In the years to come Champ, like his father, in turn was to "sharpen his knife on a brickbat" and dispute for what he held to be the truth.

From "Hours With Famous Americans" is the following accurate and eloquent dissertation:

"If one wishes thoroughly to understand Champ Clark, attention must be paid to the outworkings of heredity and environment. Champ Clark is as kind to friends as he is relentless to political foes, and in this he is true to his race. The Clarks are all born fighters for what they believe to be true. John Hampton Clark upheld the Bible

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against all scoffers, and could expound it with the faith of one of the twelve Apostles. . . . It is doubtful if at any one time in all his life he was worth five hundred dollars. But in his little circle he was beloved, and was long remembered for his many kindly services. . . . He was a sort of modern Socrates, who lived solely to counsel men and to indulge a life's grand passion to impart knowledge. His son is also much the same, to this hour, though in another day and generation, and with completely changed surroundings.

"While the elder Clark, as far as pecuniary reward goes, talked for nothing except to gratify his heart's desire, let me point a finger at the unfolding of destiny. The former little boy, who went along and heard the battles for the Bible, now spends his own summers, when Congress is not in session, lecturing under Chautauqua management at a thousand dollars a week—more than the father saw in the whole eighty-seven years of his life.

"Years later, when Champ Clark had become famous and his speeches were in all the newspapers, the old gentleman read secretly every word, and, although fairly bursting with pride, never spoke a word of praise to his son.

"When Champ Clark became a father and was obliged to formulate rules of his own, he grew foolishly fond, excusing everything that his children did and making unusual concessions to them. And when his small son died this tender, starved love of the earlier time blossomed into

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full flower; and Champ Clark did something never known before nor since in national public life; he wrote a fleeting line to 'Little Champ' in the formal, prosy, dull 'Red Book' of Congress. It was the strong man's own idea. Those that were with him at that time say that he did not shed a tear, and for days they observed him go about as in a dream, with no show of conventional grief, although they knew that his heart was broken.

"And if from this simple incident you do not understand at least one phase of big Champ Clark, you will never know him from anything that I shall be able to tell you."

Aletha Jane Beauchamp was the maiden name of Champ Clark's mother. Her father, James T. Beauchamp, was a lawyer and rose to prominence in his profession. He married Miss Elizabeth Jett, renowned for her beauty and accomplishments, a member of one of Kentucky's most honored families. They both died young, leaving three children, who lived with their grandmother, Mrs. Jett.

"Aletha was sixteen years old when she went to live with her grandmother. She was beautiful, well educated, and a musician of more than ordinary ability. She became a Christian early in her teens, and was ever true and devoted—the sunshine of her adopted home. How those old people loved her! Many were made young again by her warm and loving heart.

"In Louisville there lived a wealthy relative of hers,

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Mrs. Miller, the wife of the celebrated Dr. Miller, author of medical works, who offered to educate her in any college of her choice, and to introduce her into society, but she declined in these words: 'My grandmother has been kind to me; she needs me now, and I cannot go.'

"The neighbors marveled at the noble traits evinced in this young girl, whose early life might have been one continual round of pleasure. She won all hearts; she softened the hardest and infused light and warmth into the coldest. She did not care for wealth; she could have married rich and good men, but she said: 'We want but little here below, nor want that little long,' in the words of a familiar quotation, which she constantly used. It seemed that the Spirit of God was whispering to her that her days were numbered."

The following incidents are told in Champ Clark's biography in "Five Famous Missourians":

"Before she was twenty Aletha Jane Beauchamp met the handsome John Hampton Clark, and they were married. Their children were Elizabeth, Margaret, and Champ. The mother died at the age of twenty-seven, when her little boy was less than four years old. She was a devoted mother, and she loved her children with all the devotion of her ardent and loyal nature. As she lay upon her death-bed she drew her only son to her side again and again and said, 'I want this little head filled with wisdom.'

"The devotion of little Champ to his mother was won-

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derful even for one of his precocity. Although not four years old, he refused to leave her bedside. And when compelled to do so, he wept so bitterly that the attendants were forced to take him to her. Just after the burial and while relatives were leaving the cemetery, a shower of rain came up. Little Champ eluded his relatives and ran back and sat upon the grave, saying, 'I will not leave my mamma in the rain.' Force was necessary to get the little fellow to the house. The nervous excitement and grief over the loss of his mother brought on brain-fever, and the child hovered between life and death for weeks. But the kindly ministrations of his grandmother and of his aunt, Margaret Beauchamp, restored him to health. His attachment, formed at this time for these two kinswomen, was never effaced. The father at last deemed it best to take the children away from the old scenes of sorrow."

Champ Clark's birthplace was sixty miles south of Louisville. It was an humble farm cottage, among the cliffs along the Kentucky River. The cottage was a small affair, with low ceilings, and was constructed of rough clapboards—a characteristic pioneer home of the period. There were three rooms, the bedroom, the living-room, and the kitchen, the latter being also the dining-room. At the time of Champ Clark's birth there were no railroads in this part of the country, and the farmers rode on horseback to the nearest grocery for supplies and for their mail.

His mother, who had been educated in a convent, lived

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only seven years after her marriage. The oldest child, Margaret Louise, died in infancy. At the time of his wife's death, John Hampton Clark was in ill health, and how to bring up the two children—James Beauchamp and Elizabeth—was a problem. He found an elderly and childless couple in an adjoining county, who, under his supervision, undertook the care of Champ and his sister. The children lived with them until Champ was eleven years old, when they both went to live with John Call.

Champ Clark's mother named him James Beauchamp. This was the name of a famous French historian, who flourished at the beginning of the last century, and who in the troublesome times of Napoleon was often in prison for a too free use of his pen. The Beauchamps were transplanted from France to the wilds of America, and were among the earlier settlers of Kentucky. They were refined people and were very popular.

Everybody pronounced the name "Bowchamp," whereas the immemorial pronunciation in England is "Beecham." This offensive mispronunciation led Mr. Clark to a reconstruction of his name. He dropped the first name entirely and the first half of the middle name, retaining the single last syllable Champ, and since then he has been Champ Clark and nothing else. "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." Mr. Clark literally applied this injunction of Scripture to the treatment of his name.

Harvey Middleton, in the *Columbian Magazine*, gives

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this interesting account of the origin of the now famous name "Champ":

"There is nothing ordinary about him except his last name, but he did not have the making of that; if he had, it would smack of the remarkable individuality of the man. The first name, Champ, was made of unpromising material. When he was in his salad days and was receiving scented notes daintily addressed to Mr. James B. Clark, another James B. Clark, who had forgotten that he himself was ever in love, used to get the letters by mistake, open them, see that they were intended for another, and throw them away. This annoyed Clark, so he proceeded to trim his name to his liking. His mother was a Kentucky Beauchamp, from the English pioneers of Virginia and Kentucky. She had named her first-born James Beauchamp Clark, for his grandfather, who was a member of the Kentucky Legislature. He, with reverent but unsparing hand, sliced the name in two and took the latter half; the rest went into the discard."

"It is probable that the career of no man of this generation is more typically American than that of the present Speaker of the House. He unites within himself the strength and virtues of the stern, unbending Puritans and of the brilliant Cavaliers. His father was born in New Jersey and his paternal grandfather in Connecticut. On his mother's side all his ancestors, the Beauchamps, the Robertsons, the Jetts, were Virginians and Kentuckians.

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His grandfather Beauchamp was a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and his second cousin, George Robertson, was a Representative in Congress, and is ranked among the greatest Chief Justices of Kentucky."—*C. H. Tavenner.*

Analyzing the ancestry of Champ Clark and noting with special thoughtfulness the characteristics of his father and mother, we can hardly marvel at the prominence of their son. He is the logical result of antecedent forces. We see pronounced in Mr. Clark the traits of his father rather than those of his mother, and this may be attributed to the early training received from his father. He inherits from his mother a loyal nature, an affectionate heart, and a tenacity of purpose; from his father, oratory, a taste for literature, and political instincts which have developed into statesmanship. From both he inherits reverence for religion and a love of learning. To these natural gifts and endowments Mr. Clark has brought a zest for hard work and an unflagging desire for self-improvement.

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CHAPTER II

Childhood

The elder Clark's life had been cruelly hampered by an insufficient education, a misfortune largely overcome by self-improvement, and that, too, without the offensive egotism often displayed by self-made men. He instilled into the mind of his young son the necessity for a thorough education. It is not of record that he ever attempted to implant in the boy's mind the love of money or the desire for a money-making career; his own aspirations from childhood had been in the direction of scholarly pursuits, and now he would live his life over again in his son. Never did good seed fall into better soil; the harvest has been an hundredfold.

John Hampton Clark believed that man has a soul and a hereafter, and that his spirituality, not less than his intellectuality, requires nurture. He loved the Bible and he taught its sublime truths to his little son; and the son profited by the father's teachings. Champ Clark is the most competent and thorough Bible student in public life to-day. His speeches, orations, and lectures are replete with accurate and apropos Bible quotations. Mr. Clark recounts the manner in which he was led to study the Bible in the following vivid paragraphs:

"When I was a boy my father wished me to study the

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Bible, and I would not do so very much. So he ran across a small book, a sort of vest-pocket volume, containing the Declaration of Independence, the old Articles of Confederation, the Constitution of the United States, and Washington's Farewell Address, which he gave me with these words: 'My son, as you will not read your Bible, here is the next best book; study it.'

"I followed his advice. 'You can lead a horse to the trough, but you can't make him drink.' So while my father made me go to church, he could not force me to study theology. We attended worship at a log meeting-house called 'Glen's Creek,' in Washington County, Kentucky. Near the center was a huge square post to hold up the roof. When the sermon did not interest me I would curl myself up behind that post, get out my 'political Bible,' and go to work on it. I kept that up until I knew by heart the Declaration of Independence, the old Articles of Confederation, the Constitution, and Washington's Farewell Address—not an unhealthy mental exercise by any manner of means.

"I am not certain that I would have ever studied the Bible except for an accident. My father was bitterly opposed to my reading novels. He kept me from it as long as he could control me. That I made up for lost time in that regard goes without saying. He was always buying and borrowing histories and biographies for me to read—and thus formed in me a habit that abides to this day.

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"Once, however, he came across the most fascinating romance ever written. It was published in the guise of a biography, and was William Wirt's 'Life of Patrick Henry.' Neither good Sir Walter Scott nor Rider Haggard ever drew on his imagination more than did William Wirt in the preparation of that book. Father brought it home and I read it, as old man Harper of Kentucky ran his horses, 'from eend to eend.' It contained Patrick's great lyric speech before the Virginia House of Burgesses, precipitating the Revolution, which still stirs the heart like strains of martial music. Of course, it completely fascinated me. But the sentence that took most thorough possession of my mind was this, 'The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' I pondered that paradox wonderingly in my heart.

"I told my father what a great speech it was, and what a magnificent sentence that was. He took my breath away by saying: 'My son, King Solomon, and not Patrick Henry, wrote that sentence that you admire so much. Read your Bible as eagerly as you do your histories and biographies, and you will find hundreds of others fully as magnificent.' I was much surprised, but I took him at his word, and have been reading the Bible ever since, with constantly increasing profit and delight. To say nothing of its religious value, it is the best book in the world to quote from. Whatever knowledge I have of it dates from the day that my father placed

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William Wirt's 'Life of Patrick Henry' in my hands."

When Champ Clark was a child he was remarkable for a large head poised on a small neck. His father feared that he had a weak constitution—a weakness which the father proposed to overcome by prompt attention and treatment, just as he proposed to meet and subdue every form of weakness that might develop in the boy as he grew to manhood. Champ was promptly set to work practicing the art of chinning poles, exercising with hand-swings, and other athletic pastimes and sports, for the purpose of developing the neck and chest. When a little older he was sent to the farm owned by Clark Montgomery—a poor, hilly, rock-encumbered farm—where he grew to manhood, almost to gianthood. That boy of thin neck and narrow chest now wears a collar of eighteen inches and a coat of forty-four inches chest measurement. Champ Clark once lifted a weight of a thousand pounds; this feat caused the blood to ooze from beneath his finger-nails.

The first farm work performed by the boy Champ was thinning corn. But the yield of limestone rock exceeded the yield of corn, according to Mr. Clark's recollection of the crop. As he grew into lusty youth Farmer Montgomery set him to building a rock fence around the farm. He was required to break up the material in the quarry on the hillside with a sledge-hammer, and then to carry it forward and place it in position. The stone wall around the Montgomery farm still stands and will endure for

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turned that day from the trial, was not the first encounter of the kind—and probably not the last. The treatment of the father was enough to drive the lad from home; but Champ submitted doggedly—and stayed. He was never a coward and his self-assertion was prominent, even when he was being corrected and subdued by his father.

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CHAPTER III

The Plowboy School-teacher

There was no period in Champ Clark's life that can be set apart as his period of youth—that formative, poetic, and delightful period, intervening, in most lives, between childhood and manhood. He passed at one step from boy's estate to man's. Having determined on the pursuit of the law, he directed his energies to the acquirement of the means for securing, as a first requisite, the education which his father had always insisted that he should have, and for which he himself longed. When between fourteen and fifteen years old he began his long career as a school-teacher.

This boy, fresh from the plow, had become a man with a man's dynamic force. Teaching school at that time in Kentucky was akin to the service of a soldier; it was a sort of military exercise; it required the skill and courage of a captain. Champ Clark as a youth was as skilful and courageous as a military commander. He began teaching at a time and amid surroundings that Fate seems to have designed for the purpose of evoking every element of strength in his character. The Civil War, then coming to a close, had not softened the manners of the people—rather had it promoted feuds

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and embroilments. Society was turbulent; insubordination reigned.

This boy school-teacher was unafraid. He taught his first school with signal success, and thereby made such a reputation for ability to control unruly pupils that he was besought to come and assume charge of schools where older teachers had failed.

Another phase of his character is brought out in the following anecdote, related by Harvey Middleton in the *Columbian Magazine*:

"When Clark was a small tyke, knocked about from pillar to post, getting up before day to feed the stock on this poor hill farm or that, going to bed both hungry and motherless, there came into his life a good woman who was kind to him—the first kindness he had known since the day they had buried his mother. That woman was Mrs. Young. She is very old now and far spent, and half a century has passed, but little packages and checks still go from the Capitol Building at Washington, and latterly from the beautiful rooms of the Speaker, where the rich carpets, hangings and mahogany, chandeliers and mirrors are worth a goodly fortune, to a lowly little cabin down in Kentucky. And when the withered old hands are folded for their churchyard rest there will be mourning in some high place by a man who doesn't know how to forget.

"Wait a moment—while he doesn't forget, yet he forgives. It had almost slipped my mind—the man's name has escaped me, and it is better to forget it, but there

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was a farmer with whom Clark worked as a child who used to beat him, leaving welts and bruises and misery.

"Clark hated him with all the strength of his soul, and time and again in the attic at night he would lie awake, nursing his sore flesh and vowing that if he ever grew big enough he would come back and chastise the brute. Ten years passed. One day a tall, muscular young man came around the bend in the road on foot. He sprang over the stile, strode up the path, and knocked at the door. Entering, he stood before his ancient enemy—towered above him like Saul among his brethren. He looked down at him and the form withered and shrunk away from his gaze of scorn, but as he looked his anger faded and pity came in its place; the man's wife was dead, his children were dead, and he was ill and alone. He had found retribution indeed. Instead of thrashing him, Clark handed him some money to help him along. That was, and is, Champ Clark."

Noble impulses have ever dominated Clark's character and actions, and a lofty career, dimly outlined, ever loomed in his boyish mind. The story of Andrew Jackson fascinated him. Perhaps his thoughts of the presidency—thoughts common to all ambitious American boys—were thrust aside as preposterous. His earliest aspirations he knew could be realized; he could get an education and he moved straight to this ambition. There was never the slightest danger that Champ Clark would become a "bad man"; bad men were plentiful enough in his neighborhood

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to set examples for him; but his character was too well-balanced and he was too level-headed and too big-hearted for such a career.

Like a blacksmith beating on his anvil, Clark pounded away at the task that he had assigned himself. He must go to college; he must procure the money to pay his expenses. He accepted honest employment of any kind; he was never idle. Between terms of school he labored as a farmhand, when nothing better offered. He devoted all the fragments of his time diligently to his books.

During one summer he accepted a position as a clerk in a country store. Of his experiences in this employment one was unfortunate for him, inasmuch as it made a serious inroad upon his accumulations for college. The proprietor of the store found it necessary to be absent one day from his business; this was not especially deplorable, as he could depend implicitly upon his clerk. He enjoined Clark to take special care of all money received, as a large sum was expected to come in that day. At closing time Clark took the money from the drawer and hid it where the mice cut the bills to shreds. The clerk was responsible for the money and he had to replace it. The loss was about one hundred dollars—a large sum for the ambitious young school-teacher, looking forward to college. In order to begin earning this sum at once, he returned uncomplainingly to farm work.

Undoubtedly he would have succeeded as a merchant, after developing what the phrenologists would term

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his acquisitive faculty, but his services in a country store were not prompted by ambition for a mercantile or business career. He had no such desire. Neither did his service as a farmhand indicate a desire to be a farmer. He was the best farmhand, as well as the best school-teacher, in Anderson County. He could bind more wheat in a day, or cut down more grain with the cradle, than any other man in the field. The last farm work that he ever performed was for a neighboring farmer named Best, who paid him twelve dollars for binding wheat six days. His aptitude for work in the schoolroom put an end to his career on the farm. He was both an instructor and a disciplinarian. In his first school there were boys larger and older than he—schoolmates of his the year before. These continued to be boys, and they were surprised to find themselves controlled, directed, and taught by their erstwhile playmate; but he forced them to respect him and to obey him.

School-teacher Clark is described by one writer as "a tall, lank, awkward, green, gawky boy," with goods and chattels limited to one hundred and fifty dollars in cash and a gold watch worth seventy-five dollars—an extravagant price for the watch, said the natives, even if he did earn the money himself. But the boy, whether awkward, as writers like to say of their heroes, or whether a Chesterfield in manners, made friends. His frank, earnest manner attracted men and inspired confidence. While he was teaching the High School at Camden, Anderson County,

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Kentucky, he became active and prominent in the Christian Church.

He was the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and it was the most successful one that the church had ever had. He introduced new departures. He organized the Sunday-school into a body of coherent and enthusiastic workers. Teachers and pupils found a new zeal, and the attendance became large. Mr. Clark systematized the study of the Bible for his classes and taught the uses of concordances and other Biblical works. He introduced the International Sunday-school lessons and other Sunday-school literature. The whole community felt a new fascination in Sunday-school work, and the interest became intense.

He organized singing classes among both the children and the adults. He introduced and taught the round-note system of singing in that neighborhood, supposed to be too difficult for any one to learn except a professional. With the round-note system came a better grade of song books. He himself had learned to sing and to teach others to sing from his father on their peregrinations over the country. He inherited a talent for music from both his father and his mother. The young superintendent drew almost the entire community into his Sunday-school by the compelling force of his music and personality. People came for miles to hear the wonderful singing and to be a part of Champ Clark's Sunday-school.

There lived at Camden a rich old planter by the name of William Stevens, known and loved throughout the

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countryside as "Uncle Billy." Stevens was a devout member of the Christian Church and a teacher in Champ Clark's Sunday-school. He was a great admirer of Clark's and saw in him the possibilities of a great pulpit orator. He said, "Clark, if you will become a minister in the Christian Church, I will give you a thorough education in any college in the United States or in Europe." But Clark said "No." Those that have heard Mr. Clark utter that word on the floor of Congress know what emphasis he can throw into its utterance. But "Uncle Billy" was not to be turned from his purpose by the hasty though peremptory decision of the young man. He felt that he himself could do great service to Almighty God, to the Church, and to humanity, if he could get this young man to come into the ministry. He renewed the offer time and again. Finally he said: "Clark, if you will accede to my plans I will bequeath to you one-half of my estate. Now, don't be stubborn and frivolous and foolish about it. Go along and do it." Mr. Clark felt that he could not put his whole heart into the work, so he declined irrevocably the kind and generous offer of Mr. Stevens. Mr. Clark above everything else desired to be free and untrammeled as to his future course. He was independent and he proposed to remain so.

This was the spirited, typical man of the Middle West described so accurately and graphically by Walt Whitman.

Mr. Clark continued to teach until he was able to go

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away to school. When his money gave out he returned to teaching. He even taught a few terms after being admitted to the bar.

Mr. Clark was a great favorite at Camden. After he returned from three years in the Kentucky University he was again employed to teach the Camden High School. He had by this time become a proficient Greek scholar, and he is to-day perhaps the finest Greek scholar in public life, and he is equally the master of Latin. Upon his return to Camden he became the teacher of a teacher. A veteran school-teacher sixty-four years old took lessons in Greek with Mr. Clark as private tutor. This elderly school-teacher studied Greek that he might read his New Testament in that ancient language. He used to teach Mr. Clark's classes in the schoolroom for two hours each day in exchange for one hour of instruction from Mr. Clark in Greek.

Mr. Clark was ardently attached to the vocation of teaching. He once declared that he would rather be at the head of the Missouri University than to be a Representative in Congress, or Governor of the State, or United States Senator.

In addressing a teachers' institute Mr. Clark delivered this eloquent passage:

"In looking back to my career as a teacher I have one abiding consolation and it is this: Wherever my pupils are, on land or sea, and in whatever occupation they are employed, they are my sworn friends. That glory cannot

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BENNETT CHAMP CLARK

Opposite p. 87

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CHAPTER IV

University and College

Champ Clark was rich in varied experiences and strong in self-assertion and self-confidence when, at the youthful age of seventeen, he entered Kentucky University (now Transylvania) at Lexington. By honest toil he had supplied himself with a few hundred dollars, which he was now to spend in getting an education. The energy and enterprise called forth in procuring this necessary sum had developed in him a practical and resolute nature, which made him masterful in the preparation of his lessons and in the classroom. His slender purse admonished him to practice economy, and economy in money matters teaches economy in time and opportunities. The practice of it is not inimical to mastering logarithms or learning triangulation. Young Clark learned to calculate eclipses while at the university, which some of his classmates, with plenty of money, never learned to do at all.

Mr. Clark entered Kentucky University in the autumn of 1867, as may be seen from the catalogue of 1868. The catalogues show that he was there again in 1870 and 1871. He attended the Kentucky University in all three years and a half. Before the end of his senior year, when he would have graduated, he was expelled for shooting at a man named Webb. Mr. Clark's life is an open book.

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This shooting affair is in no way a sealed chapter. Mr. Clark will look you straight in the eye and tell you all about it. The details are unimportant. Mr. Clark, discussing the occurrence, said:

"I fired and missed, a friend knocking the pistol upward as I pulled the trigger. Looking back, I feel that I was not censurable."

Notwithstanding his expenses in the university had not exceeded a hundred dollars a year, when he left at the middle of his last year he was practically without a dollar in the world. This did not appall him. It only delayed him. He knew how to get more money—by working for it. He returned to Camden and resumed teaching.

Having saved up enough money to maintain him for a year at college, he decided to go to Bethany College, at Bethany, West Virginia, a famous institution under the supervision of the Christian Church—Campbellite Church, as Mr. Clark invariably calls it, and has a right so to call it, inasmuch as he himself is a member of that church, and proudly calls himself a Campbellite.

He took the junior and senior courses and led all his classes in both for an entire year, and delivered the salutatory in Latin at the closing exercises. He was confronted by an unusual array of obstructions, one of which was the everlasting harassment of economy—perhaps his best friend after all; certainly not a dreadful enemy. He cooked his own meals, wearing a gunny sack for an apron. As he cooked he sang songs in Greek or in German.

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Nothing could suppress his cheerfulness and his optimism —always ruling traits in his character.

At the end of the first month, when the grades were made, he was in the lead: the same thing happened the second month: when he was still ahead in the third month a feud was started. It was now clearly apparent that this young upstart from Kentucky would take all the honors.

This outlook created two factions, the Clark and the anti-Clark factions. The Clark faction held that the new pupil had a right to all the honors if he could win them, while the anti-Clark faction held that those older pupils, who had plodded slowly and laboriously up from the foundation through years of hard study, and who had been foreordained and predestinated by the faculty to receive the honors, could not be legally nor morally displaced by a late arrival. The faculty was divided; the pupils were divided. The tempest in a teapot extended beyond the college and the campus, and presently the town of Bethany was rent by conflicting opinions concerning the controversy. Mr. Clark, in an interview, said of this contest:

"The situation grew hotter and hotter. I was not headed once during the year and walked off with the highest honors. The man who expected to win appealed the case from the faculty to the curators. The curators, among whom was Alexander Campbell, son of the founder of the Campbellites, sustained the faculty."

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Mr. Clark developed into a good writer and a good debater while at Bethany. He was unsurpassed in college literary exercises, and he contributed somewhat voluminously to various religious and political periodicals. For his diversion he translated German songs into English. He was regarded by many as a poet of great promise. His verses in English were published under the *nom de plume*, "Sans Peur." Sir William Blackstone long hesitated as to whether he should be a poet or a lawyer, and when finally he decided in favor of the law he wrote a delightful farewell to his muse. Champ Clark has never been given to indecision, and probably he was not tempted at any time to become a poet, though possessed of the tastes and powers of a poet. His efforts at versification were intended for profitable literary exercise. Thus he gained the literary polish that so distinguishes all his writings. But the mechanical construction of sentences that so delighted him never took the place of logic and sound reasoning. The study of law is the study of the very sum and essence of human reason, and what attracted him most was the province of pure reason, so he chose law as his profession.

A few days after he was graduated from Bethany, Col. Alexander Campbell, of West Virginia, son of the famous theologian, asked Clark what he intended to do in the future. He replied that he was going to teach a year or so and then practice law. He told Clark to write out an application and give it to him—that he thought he could

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secure a college presidency for him. Having no idea that such a thing was possible, Clark wrote an application, which must have taken away the breath of the college curators, and which, it is likely on account of its uniqueness and the confidence expressed, secured him a position. The application read: "I have just graduated from Bethany College with highest honors; am twenty-three years old, over six feet high, weigh one hundred and seventy pounds, unmarried, am a Kentuckian by birth, a Campbellite in religion, a Democrat in politics, and a Master Mason."

Mr. Clark did not secure the presidency of the school, West Liberty State Normal, for which he had applied, but was surprised a few days later when he was notified that he had been elected, not president of West Liberty, but of Marshall College, the first Normal School of West Virginia, located at Huntington, at a salary of $1,400 a year. He was unquestionably the youngest college president in the world.

Because of Clark's youth many of the students at Marshall, some of whom were older than the president, concluded that they could conduct themselves to suit their own fancies, but this conclusion proved an illusion. One incident served to dispel the students' hope of many "larks" under the Clark régime. Soon after his term began four young men blacked and greased the face of a fellow student while he slept, an act that greatly humiliated the victim. He made complaint to the young presi-

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dent, who, upon investigation, discovered the guilty ones. Hunting up the perpetrators, he said: "Boys, you did wrong, and you must do the manly thing and apologize at chapel services." Three of them did so cheerfully, but the fourth declared that he would not. President Clark said to him, "One of three things will happen—you will apologize publicly, I will expel you publicly, or I will thrash you within an inch of your life." To this the student replied with the question, "How much time will you give me to reflect upon these propositions?" "One hour, sir," replied the president. At the expiration of the allotted time the offender returned and said, "I don't want to be expelled; I don't want to fight; I will apologize." He did, and was henceforth one of the president's staunchest friends and most industrious students. There was no more trouble in maintaining discipline. Hazing in Marshall College was at an end.

Champ Clark held the presidency of Marshall College but one year, when he resigned to enter the Cincinnati Law School.

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CHAPTER V

Seeking a Location

Upon completing his legal education at the Cincinnati Law School in 1875, Mr. Clark discerned, as he thought, a field awaiting him in Kansas. At that time the wild ranges of Texas and the Southwest were sending drove after drove of cattle to various new railroad points in Southern Kansas for shipment to the Eastern markets. From Corpus Christi, Texas, to Abilene, Kansas, a broad trail, like a shadow but waterless canal, two hundred yards wide, extended for a thousand miles, and along this dust-beclouded highway innumerable herds, each from one to three miles long, moved slowly northward, each herd accompanied by a band of drovers and ranchmen, the owners of the herds and their employees, known everywhere as cowboys.

This cattle trade had begun in 1867, and was just fairly under way when Mr. Clark arrived in Kansas in 1875. Joseph G. McCoy, who started the movement of cattle from Texas to Abilene, and who was employed in the United States Census Department in 1880 and 1890, is authority for the statement that ten million head of live stock, to the latter date, had been driven from the South and Southwestern cattle ranges to the nearest railroad at various points in southern Kansas, including Abilene,

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Wichita, Dodge City, and Great Bend. The trade left Abilene as a terminal in 1874, and went to Wichita for two years, and for two years only. Mr. Clark arrived on the scene just at the time when the cattle trade was withdrawing to Great Bend. That was grasshopper year, too.

The Spanish milled dollars, so current for a while at Wichita, had disappeared. There were no Greasers to be arrested, and brought into court; no business of any kind. Mr. Clark filed one case at Wichita and departed, after a residence there of eleven weeks. Discussing this episode in his search for a place to settle, Mr. Clark once said: "The grasshoppers drove me out of the Sunflower State. That was the year Governor Hardin prayed them out of Missouri. People can make fun of that performance as much as they please; but I believe that prayers are answered, and that the prayers of the Missourians saved the State from devastation by the Rocky Mountain pests. Had I remained in Wichita I might have grown rich; but I was afraid of the grasshoppers."

He had been induced to go to Kansas by the eloquent recommendations of his classmate at the Cincinnati Law School, Jeff Hudson. Mr. Clark and Mr. Hudson were among the few Democratic representatives in the law school, and side by side they engaged in forensic tournaments with their colleagues, during the days following reconstruction in the South, when Phil Sheridan, as Clark picturesquely phrased it, "was pitching a Democratic Legislature out of the window with his bayonets down in New

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Orleans." After leaving the law school the two did not meet again until they met as members of Congress in Washington, and there they renewed their friendship, and on a wider field again exercised their powers of oratory in behalf of Democracy.

Mr. Clark spent his last dollar at Wichita. He went to Missouri by instinct. He had no friends nor acquaintances there.

He went to Moberly, Missouri, looking for a school, the necessity being imperative for him to find immediate employment. Practicing law was simply out of the question for the time being. He was offered a school at the historic old town of Renick, near Moberly, and he accepted it at fifty-five dollars a month, explaining that he was taking the position through force of circumstances. The school board generously agreed to release him if he could find a position more in keeping with his qualifications.

The superintendent of schools to whom he went for the necessary teacher's certificate was a native of Pike County, living at Moberly. He was astonished when he saw the diplomas and certificates presented by the beardless applicant for a certificate to teach school in Randolph County. He said to Clark: "Why don't you go to Pike County and teach the High School in Louisiana? There is a vacancy there. Professor George Osborn has resigned to become president of the State Normal School at Warrensburg. Go down to Louisiana and get that position at a big salary." This was the first invitation Clark ever

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received to live in Pike County; he needed no second invitation. The name of the man was Rutherford.

Mr. Clark hastened to Louisiana, in Pike County, Missouri, the home of Dave Ball. Professor Clark taught for one year in Louisiana, receiving a good salary. This put him on his feet by relieving his immediate wants. During this year he said nothing about being a lawyer. He believed in doing one thing at a time and doing that well. At the close of his school he surprised the town by hanging out his shingle as a lawyer. Pike County was famous then as it has ever been for legal talent, and Clark was not overwhelmed with legal work. While waiting for clients he edited a newspaper, and this introduced him to local politics.

During the summer of 1876 the Tilden-Hayes campaign called into action every politician in the country. David A. Ball, the ablest lawyer in northwest Missouri, and Champ Clark made speeches together all over Pike County for the Democratic ticket. In this campaign Mr. Clark showed remarkable political instinct, and established a local reputation as an able stump-speaker. The people of Pike saw a new light, and with open-hearted hospitality received gladly to their hearts this young favorite. Mr. Ball was so taken with his colleague on this speaking tour that he proposed a partnership. The friendship of the two was that of David and Jonathan over again. Loyalty is a distinguishing quality in the characters of both Clark and Ball. The lasting affection of these

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two men for each other has long been the admiration of the entire country.

The law partnership of Ball and Clark ended by mutual consent in March, 1878, when Ball entered the race for the office of prosecuting attorney and Clark received the Democratic nomination for the Legislature, but was defeated at the general election by Enoch Pepper, who received the support of all the Greenbackers and Republicans.

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CHAPTER VI

Ten Eventful Years in Pike

Ten years after Mr. Clark's first aspirations for legislative honors in 1878, he became a candidate again for the same office, and was elected. This was in 1888, the year that Harrison defeated Cleveland for the presidency. But during that intervening period of ten years Mr. Clark had not been idle, politically or otherwise. He built up a good law practice, participating actively in every political campaign, and while becoming a good lawyer, became also a good politician.

During this time he met and married Miss Genevieve Bennett. He became a householder and a father. He was now a prosperous Pike County citizen, with prospects ahead that never permitted his ambition to slumber. His wife was a helpmate indeed. They were both students of wide ranges of literature, with a decided preference for history. Their tastes were nearly identical, as their purposes were; they were devoted to each other, and to their little daughter, whom they named Ann Hamilton, and whose loss brought them their first great sorrow.

Mr. Clark's first notable case in Pike County, and the first notable one in his life, was tried soon after the election of his old law partner, David A. Ball, to the office of prosecuting attorney, in 1878. The case was the trial of

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a negro, Jerry Hill, for killing one of his own race. Conviction was thought to be impossible. The community was glad to be rid of the negro that was killed; he was a local terror and a bully; he whipped negroes and white men with equal impunity and impartiality. He was a powerful fellow, and without the sense of fear. Negroes and whites alike were afraid of him. A number of persons said that he ought to be killed, and that anybody who would do it would be hailed as a public benefactor.

Jerry Hill took them at their word and killed the bully. Public sentiment applauded and Jerry's bail was fixed at three hundred dollars, so trifling was the case. Every lawyer in the county had volunteered to defend Jerry, including David Ball, the new prosecuting attorney, from which fact the court found it necessary to appoint a special prosecutor for this case. As usual the court selected the youngest and least occupied lawyer at the bar. The one indicated by these conditions was Champ Clark. This forlorn case was Mr. Clark's opportunity, and a great one it proved to be; it established him as an able and coming lawyer. He studied the case thoroughly and prepared for the trial with all the zeal of his ardent nature. His address to the jury was so powerful that Jerry was convicted of murder in the first degree. The sentence of capital punishment was afterward commuted to twenty-five years in the State prison, but the commutation detracted nothing from Clark's speech, which many maintained was the greatest that they had ever heard in a trial case;

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rather the commutation showed that the speech had carried the jury beyond the previous demand of public sentiment.

The conviction of Jerry Hill indicated Clark as the logical successor to Ball in the office of prosecuting attorney. Indeed, Mr. Ball put Mr. Clark in training by appointing him deputy prosecutor at Bowling Green, the county-seat of Pike County, and thither the new appointee repaired; and his home has been there from that day to this, first as a bachelor and then as a man of family.

At the conclusion of Mr. Ball's two terms in the office of prosecuting attorney, Mr. Clark was elected and held the office for two terms. At the conclusion of his second term he was elected to the Legislature, in which he began his career as a lawmaker. The Missouri Legislature was a stepping-stone on the way to Congress.

As prosecuting attorney Mr. Clark made a memorable record. He was the terror of law-breakers. Mr. Clark brought to the office of prosecuting attorney of Pike County the same zeal that he brings to every task of life. He tried over 2,000 criminal cases, a record most remarkable for celerity in the dispatch of business. "The law's delay" found no abiding place in the cases coming under his supervision. He tried all kinds of cases, from horse-stealing to murder in the first degree. The weak cases as well as the strong received his earnest attention; the sensational as well as the prosaic. Mr. Clark's aptitude for public service was conspicuous during his four years as

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of the accused man's friends. To illustrate the power of his eloquence, he had been speaking scarcely half an hour before the crowd of Latimer partisans broke into prolonged applause at one of Clark's lightning-like arguments directed against the head of Latimer. The court became angry at this display of lack of court etiquette on the part of the crowd, and severely rebuked the applause. Clark waited for the excitement to subside, then, after talking twenty minutes, he reached the climax of his arraignment, at which the crowd shouted terrifically, fairly shaking the building with the thunderous applause, for few such speeches had ever been heard in the court-room of Pike County. Despairingly the court gave up the attempt, and made no effort to restrain the great demonstration. Despite this masterful speechmaking effort of Clark's the jury cleared Latimer because of insufficient proof."

No man ever had better training for leadership than Mr. Clark had in his early days with vexatious and nerve-racking political experiences in Pike County and the "Bloody Ninth," as the Pike County district was called, but which has been rechristened under Clark's leadership as the "Peaceful Ninth." Mr. Clark began in the Pike County political kindergarten and went through all the various grades, including a thorough postgraduate course.

His first office was that of city attorney of Louisiana. He resigned this office after two years of faithful

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service, because the prosecution of persons for petty offenses was disagreeable to him. He held the office of city attorney also in Bowling Green. These offices gave him insight into the working of municipal and ward politics. From the time he left the schoolroom in Louisiana and entered upon the practice of law, he has never failed to be active in every campaign. As prosecuting attorney and as deputy under Ball he canvassed Pike County four times; since then he has done the same thing without fail every two years. He was always a delegate in those early days to all State conventions, where he always made speeches and never a poor one. He took conspicuous part in the Congressional contests of his district before he himself ever entered the race for Congress.

In 1888 David R. Francis was the Democratic nominee for Governor of Missouri. Clark and Francis canvassed the entire State together. Francis was elected Governor and Clark went to the Legislature. The year 1888 witnessed the advent of Richard H. Norton into the Pike County Congressional district campaign. Judge Elijah Robinson came into the field against Norton. These two men were native Missourians and they stood high as lawyers. Judge Robinson had served as circuit judge, and was recognized as a very able man. Primary elections were unknown in those days in Missouri. All nominations from constable to Congressman were made in convention. Norton and Robinson came into the Congressional convention with the delegates equally divided between them.

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The deadlock persisted until the friends of both candidates agreed to toss up a penny to decide which should withdraw. Norton won and Robinson withdrew. This scene disgusted Mr. Clark, and that winter, as a member of the Legislature, he became a strong advocate of primary elections. During that session of the Legislature a resolution passed demanding the election of United States Senators by direct vote, and Mr. Clark supported the resolution. The Australian secret ballot system was inaugurated that winter, and the Robinson-Norton episode no doubt stimulated Mr. Clark to a more strenuous support of the measure.

Mr. Norton went to Congress on the toss of a penny. But he perceived on the horizon the well-defined outlines of a mighty figure, ominous, threatening—the figure of Champ Clark. The sound of a new voice came over from the legislative halls of Jefferson City. The people knew Champ Clark to be absolutely honest, the sworn, outspoken enemy of all political chicanery. His ability was recognized wherever he was known. Those who knew him best said that he possessed all the elements of a great man. Carlyle says the world knows not well at any time what to do with a great man when he appears on earth, but Pike County is wiser than the world was as Carlyle saw it. It knew almost from the first what to do with Champ Clark.

If Pike County has been loyal to Clark, so also has he been loyal to Pike. He is always a self-constituted com-

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mittee of one to sound the praises of Pike County and of Missouri, and of the entire West.

In a speech before an "old settlers" meeting in Missouri he recounted at length the notables of his State, coming to a close with those of his own Congressional district. Said he:

"One of my constituents, Thomas Jefferson Jackson See, a graduate of the University of Missouri, has recently set the scientific world agog with his works on astronomy. He is the coming man among the stars, and bids fair to rival the fame of Kepler, Copernicus, and Lord Herschel.

"James Newton Basket, of Mexico, has written the best book about birds since Audubon.

"Strangest of all, Charles Emerson, of Pike County, became king of one of the South Pacific islands."

The election in Pike County in 1888 started Mr. Clark on his career as a lawmaker.

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[redacted]

[redacted] majestic Northern Ne- [redacted] pointing to the glowing and [redacted] old and historic county of Pike [redacted] the young and ambitious county of Henry: [redacted] to associate him their profoundest acknowledg- [redacted] to the [redacted] of the Old Guard; the running-water [redacted] the shouting Methodist. I present for [redacted] "Old Glory."

[redacted] laughter that greeted [redacted] was made the [redacted]

[redacted] County, was [redacted] Forty-fifth General [redacted] of Congress [redacted] supporter of [redacted] The author has [redacted] Champ Clark in [redacted]

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"Champ Clark was elected to the Thirty-fifth General Assembly from Pike County at the general election in 1888. Prior to that time he had held no office, except that of city attorney of Louisiana and Bowling Green and prosecuting attorney of Pike County, but his ability and his powers as a stump-speaker were already well-known in Northeast and Central Missouri, where his services had been sought in Democratic campaigns.

"When he reached the State Capitol to begin his services in the Legislature, he found a contest going on for the Speakership. The Hon. Waller Young, the Hon. Nick Thurmond, and I were the avowed and active candidates. Mr. Clark came promptly to my headquarters and promised me his support, and assured me of my success in the caucus, which was a true prophecy, as the other candidates soon afterward all withdrew, and I was nominated by acclamation. After my nomination and election were made certain by the withdrawal of the other candidates, Mr. Clark came to me and in his peculiar, but natural and plain, style said, 'Russell, I want to make reputation enough in this session to go to Congress, and as I have been prosecuting attorney of Pike County I know more about criminal law than anything else, and would like to be chairman of the Committee on Criminal Jurisprudence.'

"I told him that I would consider his request, and would do the best I could for him, but reminded him that he was a new member, and that there were other members who had served upon that committee that desired the chair-

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manship. I at that time asked him to place me in nomination for Speaker in the House, which he did in one of his happy and appropriate speeches.

"When arranging the committees of the House I was strongly urged to follow precedent and to appoint the ranking Democrat of the Criminal Jurisprudence Committee as chairman, but I remembered the earnestness of my friend Champ Clark; I knew he was a big man, and I believed he was one with a future brilliant career. I deliberately concluded that I could afford to make an exception in his case, and so determined to, and did, give him the chairmanship that he desired.

"As chairman of that committee and as a member of the House, he worked with the same industry, the same zeal, with the same devotion to principle, and with the same fidelity to the cause of the people that have always since characterized his services in the National House of Representatives.

"During that session, on the 30th day of April, 1889, the centennial anniversary of our National Constitutional Government, Mr. Clark was selected by the House to deliver an oration, which he did in a pleasing, an appropriate, and a masterly way. This speech was published in full in some of the papers of the State, and attracted attention to him as a scholar, a student of history, a statesman, and a brilliant man of great promise.

"Mr. Clark was by common consent the Democratic leader of the House, and whenever any discussion assumed

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a political aspect he was the ready and willing spokesman of the Democratic party, and his chief opponent on the Republican side was John H. Flanigan, who, because of the extravagance of his language, and the exuberance of his enthusiasm, became generally known as 'Fire-Alarm' Flanigan. Many hot tilts were witnessed between them, but, to the credit of both, they continued to be warm personal friends.

"After the session was ended Mr. Flanigan was indicted for some alleged offense, and Champ Clark, his recent antagonist in many a hot contest in the State Legislature, promptly volunteered his services to assist, and did assist, in his defense.

"This at the time, to many of Mr. Clark's friends, seemed to be an unpopular, if not an improper, thing for him to do, but true to his natural fondness for, and his loyalty to, his personal friends, and to the credit of his heart, he did not consider that phase of the matter, but went to the distant home of his former political foe and made for him one of the hardest legal fights of his life.

"During the session of the Legislature and prior to its meeting much complaint was made against the administration of Dr. S. S. Laws as president of the State University at Columbia, and threats were frequently made by unfriendly members of their determination to try to defeat any appropriation bill for that institution in which Dr. Laws might possibly share.

"Finally the Hon. W. L. Webb, of Jackson County,

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introduced a joint and concurrent resolution providing for the appointment of a joint committee by the House and Senate to make an investigation of the charges. Mr. Clark offered a substitute for this resolution, which was adopted. Accordingly, as Speaker, I appointed Mr. Clark, the Hon. W. L. Webb, the Hon. George Houck, and J. Brooks as members of the committee. The Senate members were W. P. Sheldon and T. W. Sebree. I appointed Mr. Clark as chairman, for two reasons. First, his substitute was adopted, which, by the rule of precedent, entitled him to the chairmanship; and, second, because I had been a student in the State University, felt an interest in its welfare, and wanted the job well done.

"This committee worked diligently, investigating all the facts, and made a report adverse to Dr. Laws. When it was considered in the House Mr. Clark made, I think, the most eloquent, forceful, and effective speech of any that I have ever heard him make, and I have heard him make many, and it was pronounced at the time as the most powerful prosecution ever heard by the entire membership of the House.

"The report was adopted, both in the House and in the Senate, making it necessary for Dr. Laws to resign, or to sever his connection with the State University.

"It was understood at the time that Dr. Laws was very much embittered against Champ Clark, and I heard that he said that his strong prosecution of him was prompted by a desire to make a reputation that would send him to

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Congress; but that was a mistake, as I personally know that Mr. Clark was afraid that, on account of the proximity of his district to Columbia, and because of the many friends of Dr. Laws in that district, his prosecution of him would be hurtful to his political prospects. But his efforts in that investigation were, as have been all his labors as a servant of the people, inspired by his desire to do what he believed to be right, and by his devotion to his public duty.

"Since I have been in Congress I had a pleasant experience that is not only apropos in this connection, but is worthy of mention as indicating the generosity that we often witness in the lives and hearts of men, and the forgiving spirit that often pervades our beings as 'Time drags its weary length along,' and as we grow older and approach nearer the end of our earthly careers.

"Mr. Clark came to me in the House and said: 'Dr. S. S. Laws is in the gallery and is going to take lunch with me, and I would like to have you take lunch with us.' He added that Dr. Laws had forgiven him and was then his good friend, and suggested that, as I had appointed him chairman of the committee that brought about the differences between them, he would be glad to have me dine with them, which I did. I found Dr. Laws was glad to meet me again, and I was glad to find that he was a very warm friend of Mr. Clark, and that he was delighted to know that he had achieved such great success and had become a national character of such good repute.

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"Having served with Champ Clark in the State Legislature, I feel great pride in the reputation that he has made and the honors that he has won and deserved in the American Congress, and the greatest pleasure that comes to me as a Member of Congress is the fact that I now occupy a seat in the House over which my good friend of years ago presides with such ability, grace, and fairness, and with the universal popular approval of the entire membership."

Representative Webb's resolution contemplated an investigation of the Agricultural College. When the resolution was read Mr. Clark asked that it be permitted to go over until the following morning, as he desired to offer a substitute. He said that he had been contemplating such a resolution. Accordingly, the substitute prevailed the next morning. Mr. Clark offered a joint and concurrent resolution which empowered the committee to send for persons and papers, to employ a stenographer, to administer the oath to witnesses, and required the committee to go to Columbia and make a full investigation into both the Agricultural College and the University proper. The committee spent ten days at Columbia, holding session day and night, and in that time examined a large number of witnesses.

Mr. Clark's greatest speech in the Missouri Legislature —perhaps the greatest he has ever made anywhere—was the one against Dr. Laws.

Mr. Clark once alluded to the committee report, the oc-

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casion of the speech, as "doing good for the human race." The speech was a powerful presentation of the case against Dr. Laws. It was a regular Philippic. The investigating committee could not agree on a report, and so two reports were made. The House was divided, a small minority supporting the minority report. Mr. Clark was ably aided in his advocacy of the majority report by Capt. James H. Kneisley, of Boone County. Capt. Kneisley had been a cannoneer in the Confederate army, and his oratory reminded the hearer of a man in command of a battery during a siege. The committee delayed its report until some impatient member introduced a resolution, which was adopted, calling for a report at once. Mr. Clark, as chairman of the committee, brought in the report then and there—a voluminous document. Those that have seen Mr. Clark during the few minutes preceding one of his impassioned speeches can readily imagine his nervous activity as he brought together the papers that it was necessary for him to have in his hands in making the report to the House. His eyes flashed, and he resembled the war horse described in the Book of Job. Had Dr. Laws seen the expression on Mr. Clark's face, he would have thought it baleful. Dr. Laws had failed in a mighty trust—intolerable to Mr. Clark, whose love of duty is almost a passion; who holds to public duty as he holds to honor. His feelings were high on this occasion, as they are on all great occasions, but his words were moderate. He knew Dr. Laws to be a great, strong, scholarly man—and

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Clark has ever honored such men. Entertaining, therefore, the highest possible regard for Dr. Laws, yet regarding him as unfit by temperament for the exalted position of educator of the youth of the land, he made this speech as a patriot performing a painful but necessary duty. He always insisted that Dr. Laws was one of the most intellectual and scholarly men in America. Here is a passage from his speech:

"I know what a school-teacher and college president should be. I understand in what relation the teacher should stand to the pupil. He should stand *loco parentis*. The best judges of a teacher's merits are his grown-up pupils. I am willing to be tried by that test. Who that is worthy will shrink from it? I rejoice this day to think that my pupils, wherever they may be, on land or sea, are my sworn friends."

Mr. Clark was a most conscientious investigator at Columbia. He secured evidence in every possible way. Sometimes he took a long walk out on the country roads of Boone County. He invariably accosted any man he met and engaged in conversation about Dr. Laws and the management of the University, and about the management of the State Farm and the Agricultural College. He reported his excursions to the committee, in order that each member might have all the information that he possessed.

Many of the students in the State University were summoned before the investigating committee, among them a young graduate of that year, Thomas Jefferson Jackson

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See, who even then was displaying remarkable insight into the science of astronomy. He was an enthusiastic witness against Dr. Laws. His evidence had unmistakable weight with the committee. His evidence, corroborated by other witnesses among the students, gave Mr. Clark strong argument in his speech. Mr. Clark and Dr. See, "the statesman and the scientist," date their friendship from the committee room in Columbia. They have watched each other and admired each other from that day to this, utterly divergent though their careers have been.

Mr. See came to the State University from his father's farm in Montgomery County, Missouri, where he was born. After graduating from the Missouri University he went to the University of Berlin, where in due time he graduated with high honors. His graduating theme was "Binary Stars," an amplification of his graduating subject at the Missouri University. He was recognized as a man of extraordinary powers as an astronomer. He has gone from one achievement to another, making discoveries and writing voluminous works on various astronomical subjects. His Capture theory of the formation of the solar system has superseded the Laplace theory, and is now accepted by astronomers the world over as the true theory. His theory of the causes of earthquakes, recently announced, is undoubtedly the true theory, while his "Determination of the Depth of the Milky Way" is another of his most astounding triumphs in astronomy. Champ Clark denominates Prof. See "The American Herschel."

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Mr. Clark was a conscientious and broad-gauged legislator in the Missouri General Assembly. He left his imprint upon every important measure enacted during that long session (Revising Session). He spoke on important measures only. He was an industrious committee worker, and was never absent from the House sessions except upon important legislative work. He was the ablest debater on the floor, and one of the most influential members. He was a dangerous man to attack; he always met any chance opponent who assailed him with the delivery of an unexpected and crushing blow.

The Thirty-fifth General Assembly was in session during the long winter of 1889. Socially the winter was a brilliant one at the State Capital. David R. Francis was the newly installed Governor. The receptions given by Governor Francis and Mrs. Francis at the Mansion were frequent and brilliant. Mrs. Clark spent the winter with Mr. Clark at Jefferson City. She was very popular, and so was her charming, winsome child, a sweet little golden-haired daughter, Ann Hamilton Clark, who did not live beyond four years of age. She was a lovable child, known at the State Capital as the "Belle of Pike."

The regular session of the Thirty-fifth General Assembly was characterized by many important new laws, among them the reform of the ballot by the Australian system for ci s of 5,000 inhabitants and over, since extended to all dr ncts in the State. Mr. Clark was one of the ablest ions of the new system. He introduced and carried

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through the bill assessing express companies two per cent. of their gross earnings. The constitutionality of this law was tested and sustained in the courts.

During the Thirty-fifth General Assembly a resolution was introduced and passed advocating the popular election of United States Senators, and Mr. Clark voted for it. The records of the other States are not at hand, but it is safe to say that Missouri was among the first, if not the very first, to go on record as favoring this reform, which has become almost universal.

A large majority of the members of the Thirty-fifth General Assembly belonged to the legal profession. This Assembly was an able body of men. A number of its members have since served in Congress; others have distinguished themselves in various walks of life, while one committed suicide and one was hanged for murder. Major John N. Edwards died during that winter while on a visit to the State Capital. One of Major Edwards' editorials, published in the *Kansas City Times*, February 26, 1889, a few weeks before his death, refers in these glowing terms to Champ Clark:

"Representative Democrats from all parts of the State have just met in St. Louis to consider the ways and means of a practical and thorough reorganization of the party. Any political caucus or convention which the Hon. Champ Clark, of Pike County, presides over and addresses commends itself at once not only to the confidence of but also to the active support of the entire Democracy of Missouri.

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Norton made during the summer became a political feud—a feud that reached to the boundaries of the State. Greek met Greek, and the tug of war was in the "Bloody Ninth." Judge Robinson did not re-enter the contest, which he might have done with the valid claims upon the support of the district; he stood aside for his young friend and supporter, Champ Clark. Everybody else also stood aside, while Clark and Norton fought it out. They struggled for the mastery in every county of the district. Toward the close of the race it developed that the contestants had each won in half of the districts outside of Audrain County, which now became pivotal. The two newspapers at Mexico, in Audrain County, heretofore divided on all political issues, were now united for Norton. This coalition threw Clark into a disadvantage. The State Committee, in the interest of party harmony, ordered a primary election in Audrain. Fortune still smiled on Norton and he carried the county by the slim margin of eighty-seven votes. That margin was enough to give him the nomination for his second term, but was not enough to save him from a bitter contest and defeat at the next election. The "Bloody Ninth" knew by this time that Mr. Clark had the tenacity and fighting qualities of a bulldog, and that he was a young man of extraordinary qualities. Everybody knew beforehand that Mr. Clark would be up and at his antagonist again in 1892. That was a foregone conclusion. Mr. Clark never accepts defeat as anything but a temporary inconvenience to be overcome at the next

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opportunity. Defeat worked no malice in his soul. His motto in defeat is, "Pick your flint and try again."

Mr. Clark returned to the practice of law, omitting no opportunity of getting himself before the public. He had then, as he has yet, the consummate skill of holding the respect and good-will of those opposed to him. Mr. Clark can rob his opponent of every advantage, of every inch of ground that he stands on, without creating bitter resentment. This faculty is the fruit of a broad, generous, and kindly nature.

During the year 1891 Mr. Clark distinguished himself as a delegate in the Trans-Mississippi Congress, which met that year in Denver. Mr. Clark is at home among Western men. He loves the West as Benton loved it. He believes in the West as Benton believed in it, and he knows the West as Benton never knew it. The Trans-Mississippi Congress was then in its youth, but Mr. Clark saw the possibilities of these annual gatherings of the wisest and best men of the great West. Mr. Clark's speech at Denver was concerning Western economics, his favorite subject.

When the campaign of 1892 opened, Mr. Clark and Mr. Norton, like two gladiators, again came into the arena. The contest meant the political annihilation of Mr. Norton if he met defeat; for such men as Clark defeat is not annihilation. The battle was Titanic. The contestants were so equally matched in the nominating convention that the whole situation devolved upon a single delegation, and a contest over that delegation divided the convention, as

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was divided the Charleston National Convention in 1860. The Clark delegates and the Norton delegates separated and held two conventions, so that both men were nominated. The State Committee again ordered a primary, in which Clark won by a decided and undisputed majority.

Mr. Clark's election followed almost as a matter of course after his nomination. He has had no Democratic opponent since, but has received each recurring nomination by acclamation.

Clark thus describes his opponent: "Dick Norton, who defeated me once and whom I defeated once, is a fine lawyer and a very handsome man, just about my size and a year older than I am. He is a splendid campaigner. When we fought each other for Congress in 1890 and 1892 we were in our prime, and two men stronger physically never contended with each other for Congress. Whenever he wants a certificate that he is tough game to go up against, I will cheerfully give it. I know by experience that he is."

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CHAPTER IX

His Tammany Hall Speech

Mr. Clark's speeches seemed to travel on the wings of the morning long before he appeared in Congress. Men that heard him remembered and talked about his speeches long after the occasion of their delivery had been forgotten; newspapers copied them from one another; the patent insides of weeklies gave them extensive circulation to the remotest nooks and corners of rural communities; while the metropolitan papers not only printed his speeches in their news columns, but also commented vigorously upon them editorially. A new voice is always hailed with delight. Discriminating persons believed that they heard in Mr. Clark a new voice, and they vaguely guessed and hoped that what they heard would grow in volume until it should engage the attention of the whole country.

Arriving in New York July 3, 1893, Mr. Clark went to an unpretentious hotel of his own selecting and repaired to his room; he threw off his coat and stretched himself upon the bed, with the manuscript of his speech in his hand. The speech had been written out with elaborate care. He was engaged in committing it to memory when two or three Tammanyites rapped on his door. They had been searching for him. He invited them to sit down while he read them his speech. At its conclusion they told him

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that what they wanted was one of his rousing Missouri speeches, the kind they sometimes read in the public press, an extemporaneous, breezy speech, fresh from the West, wafting over the audience the perfume of the wild flowers of the prairies—limited to ten minutes. Mr. Clark threw the manuscript into his suitcase, and that speech has never yet been delivered, though he gave them the most striking passages of it from memory. He arose at once to accompany his visitors to better quarters, as their guest.

Mr. Clark's speech was an astonishment to the New Yorkers, but they liked the orator from the West. His speech took in the whole field of national politics, and all subjects of current issue, and the greatness of Missouri. He captivated New York by his wit, his blunt statement of facts never before heard in Tammany Hall, his quaint, vigorous sentences, his side-splitting stories new to New York, and by his prophetic analysis of the political situation, soon after discovered to be all too true. This big, deep-voiced Missourian gave Tammany something to ponder over for years after, and Tammany has not yet forgotten Mr. Clark.

An admirer of Mr. Clark wrote some years after the Tammany Hall speech: "Mr. Clark was not in New York to cater to New York tastes, nor there to pay homage to the powers of the metropolis, but to speak his thoughts and opinions in a style which amazed men accustomed to mildness and equivocation. Yet New York, who thought

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herself amused because Clark tore away the veil that shaded the powers of the West from New York eyes, has since grasped the meaning of his words, and has looked where he bade her look.

"New York's representatives in Congress have lived to respect and admire the Congressman whom they once regarded as unique. Champ Clark the wit, at Tammany Hall, has since been supplanted by Champ Clark the student, the man of national affairs, the scholar, the man of letters. New York's first judgment of a coming man was faulty, but not for the first time in her history."

In that speech Mr. Clark called upon the nation to look at "imperial Missouri," his own expression. He predicted that both he and his hearers would live to see the day when the American Democracy would move its capital to Missouri. From the day of that speech Mr. Clark has counted friends in New York by the hundreds.

All the New York papers reported his speech either in full or by copious extracts, and all commented at length editorially upon the speaker and his address. The *New York World* headed its story of the Tammany celebration in big letters, "Hark to Champ Clark!" and then continued:

"Tammany Hall celebrated Independence Day with becoming zeal and patriotism. A genuine Missouri Piker was with them to assist in doing honor to the glorious occasion, to himself, his fellow-Pikers, the State of Missouri, and the boundless and untrammeled West. It was

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a great day for Tammany, and a truly memorable one for Pikers.

"Congressman Champ Clark was the Piker. He made an undeniable hit. He was down on the Fourth of July program for a short talk, but he made a long one. Pikers never make short talks.

"Clark is a new Congressman. He comes from the town of Bowling Green, in Pike County, in his State. The Tammany celebrants hailed the Congressional representative of the Pikers with enthusiasm and listened to him with astonishment and awe.

"He told the braves that Missouri was the hope of Democracy, and of the country, and that in half a century it would be the center of civilization, of wealth, and of population. One astounded Tammany man managed to gasp, 'What's the matter with New York?'

" 'Oh, I'll say something about New York in a minute,' said the Piker nonchalantly.

"The Congressman is gray-haired, but young and active-looking. He is rather over middle height, sturdily built, and was well dressed in a gray suit. The coat was of the shad-belly cut. Champ Clark's face is clean-shaven. He used to have a mustache, but sacrificed it before coming to New York. The removal of his mustache has brought to view a firm upper lip and a generous mouth."

After devoting four columns to Mr. Clark's speech and some of his inimitable stories, with profuse illustrations

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(seven cuts with double-column picture of Clark on the front page), the *World* said:

"The brazen Vikings that stand at either end of the Tammany Hall stage wobbled on their pedestals as Champ Clark went to his seat. The Vikings had heard a good many speeches, but they were unaccustomed to the audacious oratory of a Piker. When the audience recovered its equanimity it applauded Congressman Clark. The other features of the celebration were tame compared with the outburst of Missouri's fiery son.

"For many other reasons than Congressman Champ Clark's first appearance in New York, and the receipt of many letters of public interest, Tammany's one-hundred-and-seventeenth celebration was remarkable."

When Mr. Clark arrived in Washington to take his seat at the extra session, which convened in August, 1893, his fame as an orator had preceded him. His Tammany Hall speech had not ceased to be a matter of discussion in the newspapers of the country. The older members of Congress were glad enough to welcome among them a young man of such promise, while the new members, and these were many, were pleased to open their careers in company with such a brilliant beginner. All were anxious to hear Mr. Clark's first speech. Would he maintain himself at the standard, recognized as high, which he had set for himself July 4 in New York? The newspapers and the reading public were on the *qui vive* for his first great utterance. The country had not long to wait.

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Richard Bland, "Silver Dick Bland," whose district lay alongside of Mr. Clark's, had been in Congress for twenty years, and was the leader there of the free silver forces, as he was the chief exponent of thought in the West, and especially in Missouri. That Mr. Clark would stand valiantly with Mr. Bland had been definitely foreshadowed in all his campaign and other speeches up to the time that he came to Congress. His first speech was delivered on this subject August 19, 1893, within two weeks after Congress convened. The subject was not new to Mr. Clark, nor to the country. The *Congressional Record* of the extra session is a dreary waste of free silver speeches, made up sometimes of brain-racking and misleading statistics. Mr. Clark's speech is an oasis in a desert.

Grover Cleveland had been returned to the presidency and with his return to the head of the government both the Senate and the House of Representatives had become Democratic. Charles F. Crisp was again chosen Speaker. On the floor of the House were many very strong men. Among Mr. Clark's colleagues of the Fifty-third Congress were William J. Bryan, W. Bourke Cockran, Charles H. Grosvenor, Sereno E. Payne, Tom L. Johnson, Joseph E. Sibley, Joseph W. Bailey, David B. Culberson, Amos J. Cummins, Thomas B. Reed, Nelson Dingley, Jr., William J. Springer, Joseph G. Cannon, William P. Hepburn, Jonathan P. Dolliver, and—Jerry Simpson. These are but a few of the very able members of the Fifty-third Congress.

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CHAPTER X

Clark's Interregnum

Toward the close of the Fifty-third Congress Treloar, who had defeated Clark in the election of 1894, visited Washington. Mr. Clark, with characteristic urbanity, met his successor and accompanied him through the Capitol, introducing him to governmental officials and Members of Congress. Mr. Treloar, now a resident of Kansas City, entertains warm personal feeling for Mr. Clark and speaks of him in terms of admiration.

With two years of private life ahead of him Mr. Clark returned to his home in Bowling Green upon the dissolution of the Fifty-third Congress, March 3, 1895. When King Pyrrhus was driven from Italy after the battle of Beneventum, he exclaimed, "What a magnificent battlefield I leave for Rome and Carthage!" Mr. Clark might have exclaimed in paraphrase, "What a magnificent battlefield I leave for Congress and President Cleveland!" Almost the entire Missouri delegation, heretofore Democratic, retired to private life. Even "Silver Dick" Bland went home for a rest of two years, yielding his seat as gracefully as possible to Dr. Hubbard. Judge Tarsney, of Kansas City, was unseated in a contest which gave his seat toward the close of the term to the veteran Republican,

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Col. R. T. Van Horn, leaving in the House only A. M. Dockery, De Armond, Cobb, and U. S. Hall, to represent the erstwhile triumphant Democratic party of Missouri.

Politically the Congress stood: Senate, 43 Republicans, 39 Democrats, 6 Populists; House, 248 Republicans, 104 Democrats, 7 Populists, one vacancy. The House organized by electing Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, as Speaker to succeed Charles F. Crisp. This was not Mr. Reed's first term as Speaker, nor was it his last. During this term, however, the rules of the House were changed for the purpose of giving the majority almost unobstructed power in the conduct of legislation. The Speaker was relieved from the ancient custom of regarding as present only those who answered to their names on roll-call. The new Reed rules empowered the Speaker to count as present those members brought in by the Sergeant-at-Arms, or otherwise known to be present, whether or not they saw fit to declare themselves present by response when their names were called. The rules were otherwise amended and changed from time to time in succeeding Congresses until the Democrats had ample ground for their contention, repeatedly made, that the House had ceased to be a deliberative body.

The Committee on Rules and Order of Business subsequently became, under Speaker Cannon, and in his hands, the most powerful legislative tool ever wielded in a free country. Champ Clark was one of the most persistent and tireless advocates of a complete change of the rules,

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a reform destined to be brought about under his own leadership. The Fifty-fourth Congress was not especially notable. President Cleveland defended the Monroe Doctrine in the Venezuelan Boundary Dispute with Great Britain. The Cuban Insurrection, which had broken out in 1894, attracted attention throughout the country, as well as in both branches of Congress. The President displayed his usual firmness in dealing with this subject, which, however, did not reach the acute stage until the Fifty-fifth Congress.

Mr. Clark returned to his home and fine library. Bowling Green has been the county-seat of Pike County since 1823, and is near the center of the county, twelve miles from the Mississippi River. It is a typical Missouri inland town of about 3,000 happy, well-to-do and well-informed people. The town was founded in 1819, and was named for Bowling Green, Kentucky. In those territorial and pioneer days Pike County was the largest county in the whole world, and was a paradise for Kentuckians; it is yet paradisiacal to their descendants. Bowling Green is a monument in name to the loyalty of the Kentuckian to his native State, a monument of patriotism. Bowling Green has two railroads, the Chicago and Alton and the St. Louis and Hannibal. It is the seat of Pike College, and it also has a graded public school and a school for colored children. It has a substantial court-house, six or eight churches, three banks, three hotels, flour-mill, brick and tile works, tobacco pipe factory and other manufac-

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turing enterprises, two newspapers, and famous health-giving mineral springs nearby. Should it become the pleasant duty of Alton B. Parker to visit Clark at Bowling Green, in return for Clark's visit to Esopus in 1904, he will be delighted with the Arcadian scenery, with the town, and with the people. Should Judge Parker be chosen to notify Mr. Clark of his nomination for the presidency, he may expect to meet the largest part of the citizens of Pike County. These good people dropped in one at a time to condole with Mr. Clark in 1895 on the occasion of his retirement to private life; they will come en masse to congratulate him in 1912. On such an occasion Judge Parker and those accompanying him would be greeted with Missouri hospitality commingling with Kentucky chivalry. Mr. Clark would receive the notifying delegation in his modest home, "Honey Shuck," a typical home of the average American.

Mr. Clark quietly resumed the practice of his profession at Bowling Green in 1895. He threw his whole power into every case. As a lawyer Mr. Clark never resorted to technicalities nor to questionable methods. He depended upon a laborious preparation of his cases and upon a powerful presentation of the facts to the court and jury. During his two years of private life he was employed as counsel in some very important cases, one of the most famous of which was the State of Missouri vs. Dr. J. C. Hearne, charged with the murder of Amos Stillwell, of Hannibal, Mo. Mr. Clark added greatly to his

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fame as a lawyer and as an advocate at the bar by his vigorous and able prosecution of this case. He was as conscientious in the practice of law as he is clean in politics.

During his enforced retirement from Congress Mr. Clark began his career as a lecturer, in which field he has been employed extensively ever since. During the time he was an ex-Member of Congress he delivered an address before the Trans-Mississippi Congress at its meeting in Denver. This Congress, which meets annually, is composed of the ablest and most progressive men of the West, who discuss economic subjects of peculiar interest to that section of our common country, such as irrigation, conservation, transportation, freight rates, mining, agriculture, horticulture, Panama Canal, etc.

Mr. Clark believes in the West as Benton believed in it and as Daniel Webster did not believe in it. Benton, in one of his great Missouri speeches, pointed to the West and said, "There is the East." Mr. Clark has advocated and defended the West on the floor of the House as ably and as valiantly as Benton did in the Senate two-thirds of a century ago. Mr. Clark's speech in Denver was Bentonian in scope, logic, and eloquence.

During Mr. Clark's interregnum he made many addresses on various occasions, being extensively in demand wherever meetings of any kind were held. Although in retirement he was constantly conspicuous in the public eye. In his subconsciousness he knew that his public career would presently be resumed.

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CHAPTER XI

Champ Clark in the Fifty-fifth Congress

When Mr. Clark took his seat in the Fifty-fifth Congress he found that the ever-shifting tides in the political affairs of men had changed every department of the government. The House which he had known in the Fifty-third Congress, presided over by Charles F. Crisp, was overwhelmingly Democratic. The Fifty-fifth Congress was equally overwhelmingly Republican. The House was presided over by Thomas B. Reed. In the House there were 206 Republicans and 134 Democrats. Instead of the robust, pugnacious Cleveland, quick to defend the Monroe Doctrine, in perfect harmony with his party as to the impending Cuban troubles, the gentle, uncombative McKinley held the presidency. The only feature to remind him of his first term was the strong silver sentiment in the Senate, but the Senate was Republican, in unison with the Republican sentiment of the Government.

Although the paramount issue of the campaign of 1896 was free coinage of silver, under the leadership of W. J. Bryan, the new President conceived that his special mission was to replace the Wilson tariff measure with the old McKinley bill or some other protective measure. Accordingly he convened Congress in extraordinary session March 15, 1897.

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Mr. Clark thus began both his first and second terms in special session, the first, under Cleveland, to consider the money question, the second, under McKinley, to consider the tariff. Mr. Clark was a conspicuous force in the consideration of both subjects.

The Dingley tariff bill was promptly introduced and promptly enacted into law. This Dingley law continued in force and effect until superseded by the Payne-Aldrich tariff measure—the longest life of any tariff law in the history of the country.

Speaker Reed, the very prince of the Republican party, thought to put a quietus on the prince of Democrats, and so remove as far as possible an arch-enemy to his policies, by appointing Mr. Clark to membership on the Committee on Foreign Relations. That appointment was water on Clark's wheel; the mill of the gods began at once to grind. The war with Spain could not be averted, although the President was loath to plunge the country into hostilities. Public sentiment demanded a correction of the intolerable condition prevailing in Cuba. Mr. Clark was the head and front of the war movement in Congress. The pressure on the administration became irresistible. After war was declared Mr. Clark said in his picturesque, sarcastic, and tantalizing manner that the Democratic party in Congress, though in the minority, "took the administration by the scruff of the neck and threw it into the war with Spain."

Questions of foreign policy pressed rapidly to the front. The war revenue act, the Hawaiian annexation, the Philip-

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pine Islands situation, and our colonial policy, with its long train of debates in Congress, gave Clark innumerable opportunities to exercise his talents as an orator, as a ready and forceful debater, and as a statesman of the first order. One of his speeches on the Cuban situation was translated into the foreign languages and published all over Europe—a rare distinction. The speech of Mr. Hitt was likewise translated and published in Europe alongside of Mr. Clark's, the two speeches being recognized the world over as setting forth the two American views of the war with Spain, the Democratic and Republican views.

Mr. Clark has steadily gained in popular esteem by his untiring zeal and his great ability in shaping legislation on all matters coming before Congress.

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CHAPTER XII

Clark, the Epoch-Maker

The overthrow of Cannonism, so-called, was the consummation of one of Clark's most ardent purposes, wherein he served his country and his party. The change of the rules of the House under the leadership of Clark marks the final transition of legislative methods from the Hamiltonian zone of centralized power back to the realm of Jeffersonian freedom and self-government. Thoughtless persons have said that there is little difference between the two old parties, but never again can that be said by any one who contemplates the vast gulf that separates the rules of the Republican party from the rules of the Democratic party on the floor of Congress. Under the old Republican rules representative government and free speech had been destroyed at the national capital; under the new Democratic rules the nation again finds its voice in giving shape and potency to legislation.

Years ago, and almost alone, Mr. Clark entered the lists against the *interests*, which had become well entrenched behind the rules of the House. In the final scenes of the great conflict he was supported by able lieutenants on the floor of the House, who acted under his leadership and were animated by his zeal and inspiration.

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mittee services up to the minority leadership on the Ways and Means Committee, where he was in a position to combat and overthrow Cannonism, is a most remarkable chapter in the history of Congress.

In the Fifty-fifth Congress Mr. Speaker Reed gave Mr. Clark a place on the Committee of Foreign Relations. Immediately afterward the war with Spain was forced upon the unwilling McKinley administration. Mr. Clark displayed such remarkable powers of statesmanship on this committee that his colleagues unanimously selected him to be Minority Leader when John Sharp Williams left the House for the Senate. His minority leadership sounded the knell to Cannonism.

In 1909 it was foreseen that the Democrats would in all probability win the House at the next election. This would make Mr. Clark Speaker. Three prominent Republican "insurgents" called on Mr. Clark and laid before him a most astonishing proposition. They desired to join forces with the Democrats for the overthrow of the Cannon rules. Mr. Clark readily agreed to such a coalition of forces, although a change of the rules would take from him the power exercised by the Speaker when he should come to that office.

This agreement of Mr. Clark and the leading "insurgents" was only the first alignment of the forces in a great battle. Mr. Clark discovered that many of his own party were now in favor of enduring the Cannon rules through the extra session, so that revenge might be taken after the

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next election. The Democrats met in caucus, but they had been so long in the minority, where each was a sort of a free lance, that no sort of party discipline remained. The caucus meeting, called to consider the "insurgent" proposition made to Mr. Clark, was utterly devoid of all unity of purpose or of action. Heretofore they had not had a leader, nor had they needed one. Mr. Clark's superlative qualities as a leader now became evident. When he perceived that disunion and disintegration impended, he diplomatically secured an adjournment. Three times was it found necessary to adjourn the Democratic caucus without action in order to prevent an utter disruption of the Democratic party in Congress. But Mr. Clark saw that patience would win, and he was patient. Finally the right moment arrived in the caucus. Mr. Clark made the greatest speech of his life, pronounced so by able critics who were present. The result of Mr. Clark's effort was a compact Democratic phalanx. As one member expressed it, "Every Democrat toed the mark that night and every one has toed it ever since"—a most wonderful tribute to Clark's leadership.

At no period of Mr. Clark's career has he displayed such remarkable prowess, such mastery over his colleagues as in this caucus meeting.

Mr. Borland, of Missouri, thus described the final scene of the great drama:

"When I entered the Sixty-first Congress the Democratic minority leader was a battle-scarred veteran from

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fact that if the Republicans won, Mr. Cannon would continue to be Speaker; but if the Democrats won, Mr. Clark would be Speaker. The issue was favorable to Mr. Clark, who is the first Speaker ever endorsed by a popular election.

Mr. Clark was chosen Speaker of the Sixty-second Congress by the unanimous choice of his colleagues in Congress. He is the only Democratic Speaker ever unanimously nominated for his first term in the Speakership.

Address of the Speaker-Elect

(*April* 4, 1911)

The Speaker-Elect—Gentlemen of the House of Representatives: Election to the high position of Speaker is an exceptional honor, for which you have my profoundest gratitude. To be a Member of the House, to represent two hundred thousand American citizens in the more numerous branch of the greatest legislative body on earth, is a distinction to which, in the nature of things, comparatively few men may attain. To be chosen by the Representatives of 93,000,000 people to preside over your deliberations is a signal mark of your favor, for which the best return is to discharge the onerous and important duties of the station to which you have assigned me with such impartiality, constancy, industry, courtesy,

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and good temper as to expedite the public business, thereby promoting the public weal.

The pleasure of being elected Speaker is much enhanced by the perfect unanimity with which it is conferred by my party fellows and the universal good-will with which it is accepted by our co-laborers of the minority. [Applause.]

Coming into the Speakership under these fortunate circumstances, the hearty co-operation of all Members of whatever political persuasion is hereby earnestly invoked in maintaining order and decorum and in placing upon the statute books laws for the good of the country and the whole country, working out promptly, patiently, courageously, wisely, and patriotically those measures necessary for the betterment of governmental methods and for the amelioration of the conditions under which we live. [Applause.]

My Democratic brethren, coupled with the joy of once more seeing a House a large majority of which is of my own political faith, is a keen sense of our responsibility to our country and our kind. It is an old adage worthy of acceptation that where much is given much is required.

After sixteen years of exclusion from power in the House and fourteen years of exclusion from power in every department of government, we are restored to power in the House of Representatives and in that alone. We are this day put upon trial, and the duty devolves upon us to demonstrate, not so much by fine phrases as by good works, that we are worthy of the confidence imposed in us by the

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voters of the land, and that we are also worthy of their wider confidence. [Applause on the Democratic side.] We could not if we would, and we would not if we could, escape this severe test. We will not shirk our duty. We shrink not from the responsibility. That we will prove equal to the situation in which we find ourselves placed through our own efforts and by our own desires there can be no doubt, and the way to accomplish that is to fulfil with courage, intelligence, and patriotism the promises made before election in order to win the election. [Applause on the Democratic side.] By discharging our duty thoroughly and well, subordinating personal desires to principle and personal ambition to an exalted love of country, we will not only receive the endorsement of the people, but, what is far better, we will deserve their endorsement.

Chief among these promises were:

1. An honest, intelligent revision of the tariff downward, in order to give every American citizen an equal chance in the race of life, and to pamper none by special favor or special privilege; to reduce the cost of living by eradicating the enormities and cruelties of the present tariff bill; and to raise the necessary revenue to support the government. Bills are already far advanced in preparation looking to the accomplishment of these beneficent ends. [Applause on the Democratic side.]

2. The passage of a resolution submitting to the States for ratification a constitutional amendment providing for

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the election of United States Senators by the popular vote. This resolution has already been introduced and will soon be passed by the House. Let us hope that we will send it to the Senate by the unanimous vote of the House, thereby giving to our action the maximum of force. [Applause.]

3. Such changes in the rules of the House as are necessary for the thorough and intelligent consideration of measures for the public good, several of which changes are accomplished facts; if other changes are deemed wise, they will be promptly made.

I congratulate the House and the country, and particularly do I congratulate the members of the Committee on Ways and Means, upon the success of the important and far-reaching experiment of selecting committees through the instrumentality of a committee, an experiment touching which dire predictions were made and concerning the operation of which grave doubts were entertained, even by some honest reformers.

4. "Economy in the public expense that labor may be lightly burdened." The literal fulfilment of that promise, which so nearly affects the comfort and happiness of millions, we have begun—and we began at the proper place—by cutting down the running expenses of the House by more than $188,000 per annum. Economy, like charity, should begin at home. That is where we began. We cannot with straight faces and clear consciences reform expenses elsewhere unless we reform them here at the fountain head.

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The Democratic party deserves well of the country for having the only consistent record in the direction of economy in public life.

The Constitution gives the House the practical control of the purse strings of the country. The House should never permit any branch of executive authority to encroach upon its prerogative. The interpretation of any law can be resisted by the refusal of the appropriation which may be required to the use of the government unreasonably and arbitrarily administered. It is our duty to provide every dollar needed for the proper and economical conduct of the government. It is equally our duty to prevent waste and extravagance in public expenditures. We should never forget that the people have the million of families to live upon a careful and economic basis. Every dollar of wise economy means relief from unnecessary burdens. We propose to appropriate as we believe their burdens to the minimum. The consideration of the Budget bills will help along in this direction. No party desires to cripple the government in any legitimate function, but no party should desire that the people be taxed for unnecessary ends.

The publication of campaign contributions and disbursements before the election. The bill to accomplish this salutary reform has been prepared and introduced. It will be speedily passed by the House. The average citizen, whatever his politics, is absolutely honest. He demands honesty and cleanliness in politics: he believes that too much money is spent in election matters: and he proposes to put an end to it. As the representatives of the average

man, it is our duty to carry out his patriotic wishes in that regard to the end that all men desirous of serving the public may have a fair chance in politics, and to the end that this puissant Republic, the political hope of the world, may not be destroyed by corruption in elections.

6. The admission of both Arizona and New Mexico as States. [Applause.] I violate no confidence in stating that so far as the House is concerned, they will be speedily admitted and they will be admitted together. [Applause.]

These are a few of the things which we promised. We are not only going to accomplish them, we have already begun the great task. What we have done is only an earnest of what we will do. We this day report progress to the American people. The rest will follow in due course.

No man is fit to be a lawgiver for a mighty people who yields to the demands and solicitations of the few having access to his ear, but is forgetful of that vast multitude who may never hear his voice nor look into his face. [Applause.]

I suggest to my fellow-members on both sides of the big aisle—which is the line of demarcation betwixt us as political partisans, but not as American citizens or American Representatives—that he serves his party best who serves his country best. [Applause.]

I am now ready to take the oath, and ask that it be administered by Mr. Talbott, of Maryland.

The oath of office was administered to the Speaker by Mr. Talbott, of Maryland.

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CHAPTER XIII

His Friendships

The most disinterested and the most fortunate friendship that Mr. Clark ever made had its inception in the Ways and Means Committee. When Mr. Clark became a member of this committee Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, was the Democratic spokesman on the Ways and Means Committee, and by virtue of the preeminence was Minority Leader on the floor of the House. Mr. Williams looked to Mr. Clark as his first lieutenant in the consideration of all tariff measures, and in all party contests on the floor of the House. Nature conferred on Mr. Clark remarkable aptitude in the mastery of economic subjects, an instinct for the comprehension of laws of trade and commerce. Hence the consideration of tariff legislation is a congenial occupation for him. He and Mr. Williams agreed upon every essential feature of tariff legislation, and upon the *modus operandi* of conducting maneuvers on the floor of the House. Seldom have two men in Congress possessed such unity of purposes and convictions. Together they laid out their lines of battle and marshalled their forces, and fought together every contest for popular rights. They became close personal friends.

When Mr. Williams left the House to take his seat in

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the American "House of Lords," there was but one man perfectly fitted by nature and by training to succeed him as Minority Leader, and that man was Champ Clark. Mr. Williams made the noblest speech of his life when he stood up in the Democratic caucus and presented in glowing terms of eulogy his friend and successor, Mr. Clark. It was an act of friendship, born of patriotism no less than of personal affection and regard. The speech could not have been stronger had Mr. Williams known that he was sending his friend on the way to the White House. In the light of history the scene was dramatic. Mr. Williams stepped out of the path leading to the nation's highest honor and gave the roadway to Mr. Clark.

The speech made by Mr. Clark on that dramatic occasion is published elsewhere in this volume. Mr. Clark had already eulogized Mr. Williams on the floor of the House, in a speech which reveals the human kindness in Mr. Clark's nature. In the light of history that speech is also highly dramatic. The occasion was the presentation of a loving cup to Mr. Williams by the Democrats of the Fifty-eighth Congress. In the same speech Mr. Clark's magnanimity was emphasized by his eulogistic remarks about Speaker Cannon. The cup was presented to Mr. Williams March 4, 1905. Mr. Clark said:

"We give it to him because of his great capacity, which all men admire; because of his courage, characteristic of his race; because of his tact, which has served us and the country well; because of his scholarship, which delights all

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who hear him; and above all, greater than all, because of our great personal affection for him. . . .

"We have in our midst two fine samples of the 'well-beloved' in the persons of John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, and of Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois. In fact, both of them run the risk of having applied to them the Scriptural warning, 'Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.'

"The historians of our times will record the fact that the Fifty-eighth Congress was celebrated above all its predecessors for the extraordinary kindliness of feeling which prevailed among its members. . . . This happy state of affairs is due largely to the unfailing kindness of 'Uncle Joe' and of John Sharp Williams, and to the genial humor with which they have enlivened the proceedings of the House. . . .

"When at last the inevitable turn in the Congressional lane comes and John Sharp Williams ascends the Speaker's stand to wield the gavel, Mr. Speaker Cannon, with the gallantry of Marshal Ney, will descend to be the floor leader of the thin line of the Republican minority, and will fight every inch of ground with the stubborn courage of the English squares at Waterloo.

"May happiness, prosperity, and length of days be the portion of these two conspicuous gentlemen—in fact, of us all."

Mr. Cannon was reduced to the ranks as predicted by Mr. Clark, but Mr. Clark himself succeeded Mr. Cannon.

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On Mr. Clark's birthday, March 7, 1912, Mr. Cannon stood up in his place on the floor of the House and returned the compliment, saying among other things:

"While we have had sharp contests in the past and in the present, and no doubt will have in the future, I am glad to say, after many years of service, that while the present Speaker has always been a virile partisan, recognizing that it is a government speaking through majorities, and while as a former Speaker of the House and on the floor I have had sharp contests with him and at times felt his opposition keenly, yet I must say, and take pleasure in saying at this time, that he has made manly contests, striking above the belt. . . . The present Speaker is a prospective candidate for that great office of President. You will not consult me in the Baltimore Convention, but I am quite sure that it would be agreeable to this side of the House if you should nominate your colleague and our colleague, the present Speaker, as your standard-bearer. For your policies I can think of no one that would be more forceful, and in nominating and electing to that great office the present Speaker, I think there is no man within the sound of my voice but that would feel that he would be *persona grata* if he desired a hearing touching the public business so far as it was within his power.

"We congratulate our friends from time to time on the anniversary of their birth, but I sometimes wonder whether it is a subject for congratulation that another mile-stone is behind us. Yet it is always agreeable to congratulate

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and to be congratulated; and as we cannot turn back the hands upon the dial, I will express the wish and the hope that the Speaker's birthday anniversary may reach the hundredth anniversary, and that I may be there to see it."

Mr. Clark has an extraordinary and phenomenal capacity for friendship. He is a philanthropist and is so recognized and accepted by all men. His power of binding friends to him by hoops of steel is innate and is not the outgrowth of the necessity of the life and pursuits of a public career. He made friends while he was yet a child on the farm, and in school, as a teacher, as a student in college, and in the law school, as college president, as a neighbor at Bowling Green, as a newspaper man, as prosecuting attorney of Pike County, as a lawmaker in the Missouri Legislature, as a candidate for Congress in a bitter contest, and as a member of Congress. Perhaps no man in public life has ever enjoyed a larger number of personal friends than has Mr. Clark throughout a busy and a varied life.

A beautiful friendship exists between Mr. Clark and his colleague, Representative Bartholdt, of St. Louis. Mr. Bartholdt is as strong and as uncompromising a Republican as Mr. Clark is a Democrat. Party rivalry between these two men is acute, but nothing of a partisan nature can interrupt their friendship nor disrupt their attachment to each other. On the eve of the presidential election, when the leaders are addressing themselves to the heavy task of promoting their favorites, Mr. Bartholdt, avowedly

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and enthusiastically for the re-election of President Taft, bears this testimony to Mr. Clark's character:

"Taft and Clark—these will be the opposing nominees of the election campaign to follow the conventions; and if they are, it will be a campaign between gentlemen—a battle for principles. There will be no injections of personalities. Both men are my warm friends, and I would say on the stump in Missouri or elsewhere that there is no purer, cleaner man in public life to-day than Speaker Champ Clark. He is as innocent as a child and as pure as a diamond."

Another friendship was that between Clark and heroic De Armond. The greatest possible contrast prevailed between these two statesmen. Clark struck with a bludgeon which never produced a mortal hurt; De Armond wielded a Toledo blade that excited anger. Clark was welcomed cheerily into the arena even by those who knew that they must suffer by his presence; De Armond acted as an irritant. These two Missourians fought many hard battles against the enemies of the Democratic party.

The long and unbroken friendship between Champ Clark and David A. Ball recalls the famous friendships of history: David and Jonathan, Tennyson and Hallam, Milton and Lycidas (King), Hume and Robertson, Boccaccio and Petrarch, Reynolds and Burke, Johnson and Goldsmith, Beaumont and Fletcher, Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, Montaigne and Charron, Lloyd and Churchill.

When Clark came to Pike County, without friends or

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means, he soon met "Dave" Ball, then a young man at the threshold of his career. The two men presently became fast friends. Mr. Ball had been admitted to the bar a year or two previously and his practice was small, too small to divide with another; yet he took the briefless Clark into full partnership. For some long time "It was slim picking," as Mr. Clark has said. Both were big-hearted and generous and both were ambitious and full of hope. Every big battle that either has ever fought has been the battle likewise of the other. For nearly forty years they have been loyal to each other. Defeat has sometimes perched on the banner of each, but the clouds of adversity have not obscured the light of friendship.

When Ball ran for the office of prosecuting attorney or for the State Senate, Clark helped him to win. When Ball aspired to be Lieutenant Governor Clark made one of the great speeches of his life in the State Convention which uproariously gave Ball the coveted nomination, which was followed by success at the polls. And when Ball aspired to be Governor of the State in 1908 Clark announced that he would rather see his friend in the Governor's office than to win for himself a seat in the United States Senate. On the other hand when Clark ran for any office, whether he wished to be prosecuting attorney, State Legislator, or Congressman, Mr. Ball has used every effort to win for Clark, and has been unstinted of his means. The friendship of these two men for each other has become proverbial in the political annals of Missouri—

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a friendship as romantic as that of Damon and Pythias and as poetic as that of Antonio and Bassanio. Each might have said of the other what was said of Portia:

> "The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
> "The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
> "In doing courtesies, and one in whom
> "The ancient Roman honor more appears
> "Than any that draws breath in Italy."

They both are acquainted with hard luck. The two men are alike in continuity of purpose. They are also alike in uprightness of purpose, in optimism, and in their political affiliations and convictions. In one other respect they resemble each other like twins. They draw humor from the same reservoir and dispense it in speeches with the same unctious prodigality. They borrow jokes from each other. Otherwise the two men are diametrically opposite to each other. Clark is large and of bone and muscle; Ball is small in size. Both have great ambitions along parallel, but not conflicting, lines. They were drawn together by unity of purposes and ideals. They fought each other when professional employment set them against each other. Perhaps their very friendship gave a zest and a keener edge to their rivalry when on opposite sides of a case, as not infrequently happened. The most notable trial wherein they were on opposing sides was the State of Missouri vs. Hearne. This was a famous case and has few parallels in the history of criminal jurisprudence of the nation. Dr. J. C. Hearne was charged with the mur-

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der of Amos Stillwell, of Hannibal, Mo. Mr. Ball, who was Lieutenant Governor of Missouri at the time, conducted the defense; Mr. Clark, then a private citizen after one term in Congress, was employed as special counsel by the prosecution. Following is a published account of the case:

"When Lieutenant Governor Ball made his argument in defense of Hearne he made an able plea for the defendant, weighing the evidence critically. He drew to a climax by summarizing his arguments, punctuating his remarks by defying Clark, who was to follow him, to reply to his arguments and refute his propositions. In the presence of a crowded court-room Ball would pause at the close of some argumentative statement, tap Clark on the head, and bend over him, uttering an audible defiance, 'Let me hear you answer that, Clark.' Mr. Ball kept this up for some time, much to the annoyance of Mr. Clark, who was sitting, writing out his own speech. Ball was attempting to disconcert him, so finally Clark appealed to the court for protection. Clark rose to reply to Ball while deathlike stillness filled the room. R. P. Giles, one of Clark's associate counsel, who was afterward elected to Congress, but died before taking his seat, leaned over and whispered to Clark in audible tones, the great audience bending over to catch his words, the group of newspaper correspondents reaching over to hear what Giles would say to Clark. 'Remember, Clark, the eyes of Missouri are on you, just as the eyes of the nation were on

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[illegible] Ball. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

plan he hastened, almost at the last hour, to St. Louis and chartered two special trains for the use of his supporters. The battle was a desperate one, but Ball and Clark fought the contest in every nook and corner, and Mr. Ball had the intense gratification of seeing his friend finally nominated and elected to Congress.

Mr. Ball relates the following anecdote:

"When Champ Clark and I were partners in 1877, he kept me from getting an awful thrashing. Clark was an unusually fine specimen of physical manhood in those days, tall, athletic, without a pound of surplus flesh, and with muscles of steel. He was just out of school, where, among other things, he had practiced in gymnasiums for hours daily at every exercise intended to develop strength, including boxing. Like most Kentuckians he was fond of a pistol, and always kept two or three on hand. One day three big, rough fellows, who had taken offense at me about a lawsuit, came into the office and picked a fuss with me. They cursed and abused me for ten minutes, during which time Clark was sitting at his desk, pretending to read a book and apparently taking no interest in the rumpus. I did not know whether he would help me out or not, consequently I did not talk back to the fellows very much. At last they concluded to give me a beating and advanced toward me. Quick as a flash Clark pulled open the drawer of his table, exposing two glittering pistols to the view of my would-be assailants, and yelled, 'Hi-yi, you ruffians! I do the fighting for this firm, and

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I'll give you just three seconds to get out of here, or I'll throw you out of the window and break your necks.' Within the limit he allowed those fellows were going down stairs three steps at a jump. Clark shut up the drawer with a grim smile and resumed his reading. I thought then that he was the handsomest man I ever saw. He has long since given up carrying pistols, but I was glad he had them that day."

In 1908 Ball ran for the Democratic nomination for Governor in Missouri, and it was hinted that Clark would take the stump for him. Ball's opponents in the bitter fight that ensued turned on Clark and said that they would beat him for Congress if he opened his mouth in the governorship fight. Clark's district has always been one of the closest in the country, but he took up the cudgels for Ball, saying, "I'll not only fight for Ball, but if it will elect him, I'll resign my seat in Congress." The campaign he waged against great odds is one of the most interesting chapters in the political annals of Missouri; he helped carry the Ball banner to victory in eighty-five counties out of one hundred and fourteen. In speaking of Ball he said:

"Thirty-five years ago Dave Ball took me in when I was penniless and divided his crust with me; it was slim picking, God knows, but such law business as he had he divided with me. Now he asks my aid, and he will get it in Scriptural measure, heaped up, pressed down, and running over." Clark borrowed money to help pay the cam-

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paign expenses, and besides being a liberal giver, he lent the campaign committee all he could scrape together, and when the fight was over he returned the promissory notes, canceled. This is the way Clark remembered his friends—the friends of his early days. As he often expressed it to his secretary, "Do what this man wants done, and do it the best possible way, for he was my friend when there were very few of them."

The friendship of Clark and Ball was well portrayed three centuries ago by Abraham Cowley, considered then Shakespeare's equal, in a poem on the death of his friend Harvey:

"Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights!
"How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
"Till the Ledaean stars, so famed for love,
"Wonder'd at us from above;
"We spent them not in toys, in lust nor wine,
"But search of deep philosophy,
"Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
"Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine."

Champ Clark and Thomas B. Reed were kindred spirits, though antipodal in politics. When Mr. Clark first arrived in Washington to take his seat in Congress he was duly and formally presented to Speaker Reed. Mr. Clark remarked that he had frequently used the name of Mr. Reed in his Missouri campaign speeches, whereupon Mr. Reed turned a quizzical look upon the new member and exclaimed, "Certainly, but how, Mr. Clark,—how did you

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use my name?" Thus began an acquaintance which in time ripened into a lasting friendship.

In an interview with James B. Morrow Mr. Clark thus set forth his relations with Mr. Reed:

"When I came to Congress in 1893 I admired Mr. Reed's ability, or rather his intellectuality, but I disliked him politically. He had been a czar, and had beaten down my party in the House. Before long I was glad to acknowledge to myself that Thomas B. Reed, in pure mentality, was one of the greatest Americans in history. I was introduced to him early in my services. He was friendly enough, but was not running after new acquaintances.

"Perhaps I did not speak to him again until after I had heard a speech by a man from New Jersey, who had given Oklahoma a bad reputation, saying that it was good for nothing but lizards and snakes. I had spent two of the happiest weeks of my life shooting and fishing in Oklahoma, and the New Jersey man, I knew, had ignorantly and maliciously distorted one of the finest regions on earth into a hideous physical nightmare. Then some one else, a member from New York, as I remember, put a few more yellow daubs and flourishes on the picture.

"'I have a mind to answer those fellows,' I said to Richard P. Bland, the great apostle of free silver, who sat across the aisle.

"'Go after them; give them thunder! They are nothing but damned goldbugs, anyway," replied Bland.

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"So I opened. Working round to the theme I like the best of all—the soil and the climate of the Middle West, especially of the State of Missouri—I was stacking it up pretty high, when I happened to look at Reed. He was lolling in his chair, and was evidently enjoying the performance, because his enormous face was wrinkled into a tremendous smile, and his eyes twinkled with merriment. 'Why, Mr. Speaker,' I said, 'the last time the distinguished gentleman from Maine was in my district he took up a handful of our soil, and, after smelling it and fondling it and almost tasting it, exclaimed, 'If we had such soil in New England we would put it up in packages and sell it for seed.'

"The next day Reed whacked me on the back and said, 'That was a smart speech you made yesterday.' Later, I prepared two other speeches, giving them as much time and toil as any man, dead or alive, ever devoted to such an undertaking. After that Mr. Reed and I were great friends."

The *Louisville Courier-Journal*, in a long article about Mr. Clark, April 22, 1900, said this as to his friendship for Reed: "When Champ Clark came back to the Fifty-fifth Congress, after his defeat, he had mellowed and broadened. He had ideas on a good many subjects that commanded respect, both from political friends and opponents. For one thing, he was a great admirer of Tom Reed, and never hesitated to express admiration for him, even in companies and under conditions where it was not

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to his personal advantage to do so. He was fascinated with Reed's force, originality, and wit, and especially by the classic virility of his speech. Champ Clark professes to be a judge of Congressional oratory, and he has said more than once that in his judgment Tom Reed is the best short speechmaker in the United States."

Among the members of both Houses of Congress none entertains a higher regard for Mr. Clark than does Senator Bailey, of Texas, as witness his glowing introduction to Mr. Clark's biography, published in "Five Famous Missourians":

"The subject of this sketch is well entitled to a place among 'Famous Missourians,' and he has earned his right to it by great ability, by fidelity to his principles, and by unswerving honesty. There may be Missourians about whom the public press prints more frequent comments; but there is not one living to-day, and I very much doubt if one ever lived, whose writings and whose speeches have been so widely copied and read as have those of Champ Clark during the last four years.

"I have heard his unfriendly critics declare that it was the quaintness of his speech and writings that commanded such universal attention; but the men who say that have not considered the matter carefully. It is true that there is a peculiarity all his own, in his way of saying things; but, apart from all that, what he says is always worth reading, and nearly always worth remembering. At first I was simply entertained by his aphoristic style of speak-

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ing, but when I examined the matter independently of the manner, I found that there was always meat in his odd sentences; and after an intimate association with him in Congress for nearly four years, during which time I read or heard everything he has written or spoken, I regard him as one of the strongest men in the American Congress. There are others there as strong in speech, and others as strong in thought; but it is rare to find any man either in or out of Congress who is his equal, both in thought and speech. And what is better still than the way he thinks, or the way he speaks, is his rugged honesty, which knows 'no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'

"Not only is Champ Clark entitled to a place among 'Famous Missourians,' but I am willing to put myself on record in this print that, if he lives and keeps his health, he is destined to become the most 'Famous Missourian' of his generation."

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CHAPTER XIV

Mrs. Clark

The wife of Speaker Clark is a woman of social accomplishments, and of stately presence. Her manner is gracious and pleasing. She is very popular in Washington, while in the "Ninth District of Missouri" she is regarded as a better "mixer" than her husband. She loves the country and the ways of country people, but is quite at home in Washington.

Mrs. Clark is as great a reader as her husband, and their tastes are similar. She is almost, if not quite, her husband's equal as an historian, and she aids him greatly in his work. She has at all times taken the deepest and most intimate interest in Mr. Clark's career, encouraging him and sustaining him in every possible way.

If she becomes mistress of the White House she will be in all respects the equal, in that position, of her husband in his. As the wife of the Speaker she has discharged all the social duties of her position in a most pleasing manner. Her social accomplishments are equal to any demand.

Naturally the wife of the Speaker is an important personage, but Mrs. Clark, as the wife of a prominent member of Congress, during a long residence in Washington, became long ago a general favorite by reason of her graces and personal charm. She, like her husband,

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MRS. GENEVIEVE BENNETT CLARK

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has always been a favorite with the newspaper fraternity.

An exquisite narrative of Mrs. Clark is given by John H. Greusel:

"As Champ Clark is a man in a thousand, Mrs. Clark is a woman in *ten* thousand, a woman for emergencies, social, political, or on the battlefield.

"How this excellent lady hates a hypocrite! How plain her words, when necessity demands; how frank she can be; where timid souls shrink and all but die, she rises gloriously to the situation."

Mrs. Clark's father was a planter and slave-holder in Calloway County, Missouri. She traces her descent from Huguenot stock. On her father's side the Bennetts came to Maryland with Lord Baltimore; on her mother's side are the McAfees, the first settlers of Kentucky. Mrs. Clark is of fighting stock—Scotch-Irish, English, and French Huguenot, an admixture that makes for independence of character. She is always ready to read her ultimatum, and often it is as direct and final as an advance taste of the Day of Judgment.

Once upon a time a well-known editor of a woman's magazine in New York wished Mrs. Clark to write her experiences as the wife of a Congressman. It was to be one of a series, on experiences of wives. The editor practically told her what she ought to say, and Mrs. Clark replied that he had better, under the circumstances, write it himself, since he knew just what he wanted in advance.

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Let me tell you one story—I could tell dozens—of Mrs. Champ Clark. It is about her lost purse and the hungry man. The episode shows her stern sense of justice, and, too, her quality of mercy.

She had come out of a store, had walked a block, when she missed her purse; quickly retracing her steps, away down the street she saw a tramp just stooping and picking up something. Her intuition told her that he had her pocketbook.

She followed with an outraged sense of justice as you would follow a thief. The man was going through a park in the poorer quarter of Washington, near the markets.

At the moment that Mrs. Clark came close enough to speak to him he still had something in his hand.

"Did you find my purse?"

"No."

"Open your hand."

He slowly obeyed.

"That's my purse, and my money; hand it over. I will quote you the Bible on honesty."

And she started off, indignant. She counted the money and found it all there. But as she walked away, her mood changed. Somehow she recalled, although at the time she hadn't noticed it, that his clothes were shabby, and she thought that he must have been hungry.

She went on her way home, however; yet more and more thoughts of the poor man kept intruding; and presently she felt a twinge of remorse at what she had said and

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done. Then she turned and walked quickly back, seeking the man in order to give him the purse, with a kind word. For hours she searched, and at dusk she went home, still dissatisfied. The next day she started out again. She never found him—and although all this happened long ago, she scarcely ever sees a tramp without eyeing him closely, thinking that he may be the missing man.

A very satisfactory account of Mrs. Clark was published in *Harper's Bazaar* for July, 1911, from which the following extracts are made:

"Mrs. James Beauchamp Clark, of Bowling Green, Missouri, is the wife of 'Champ' Clark, the new Speaker of the House of Representatives. She is also the mother of Miss Genevieve Bennett Clark, a débutante of next season, and of a remarkable son, Bennett Clark, who wishes to change his name to 'Champ.' In the last Congressional campaign this young man, who is still in college, challenged his father's opponent to debate and worsted him in argument as thoroughly as his father did at the polls some days later.

"Mrs. Champ Clark does not appear to be standing in reflected light, but gives one an immediate impression of marked individuality. She has a slow Southern voice, musical in conversation; she has also iron-gray hair, a very earnest manner, and extremely good taste in dress. That she reads much, thinks much, and has views of her own, no one can doubt who talks with her.

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"'I am often asked what influence a politician's wife has on his career,' she said one day. 'I think that depends on the politician and his wife.' Mrs. Clark emphasizes her words with an uplifted, slender forefinger, a gesture that somehow subtly suggests the occasional heavier pedagogic attitude of Champ Clark in public speaking.

"'Public opinion,' she went on, 'is inclined to overrate the wife's influence, if she is clever; and even if she is stupid, she is held to account for many things for which she is not responsible. More than any other woman, the politician's wife must be mindful of public opinion. As his field enlarges, her horizon must broaden. She must not only love her neighbor as herself, but she must love her husband better than he loves himself.'

"Somewhere it is written, 'Women who have lived their lives bravely and well, seldom cry after they are forty.' One recalls that saying when looking at Mrs. Clark. Her fine, strong face speaks so eloquently of a brave life and of a character built above the thousand and one worries which will force their way into the career of the wife of a man of public affairs. Moreover, she has the saving grace of humor. As she talks there comes at times an almost boyish twinkle in her dark, rather tragic eyes, and a happy star seems shining there as she speaks of her girlhood and early married life. One little incident throws a significant light on her present-day philosophy.

"She was the youngest of seven children born to Mr. and Mrs. Joel Davis Bennett on a farm out in Calloway

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County, Missouri, and she was proportionately as much in the limelight as the baby of this household as she is now as the wife of the Speaker. It was a momentous step when the family circle decided that her fifth birthday should mark her departure to the little neighborhood schoolhouse, where her eldest sister was teacher. Thrilled with the importance of an event that marked her 'grown up,' she rushed to her room in the top of the house and jumped up and down for joy.

" 'It was perhaps the first and last time that I can remember being glad that I was old, but as I looked out of the window I noticed that the tree-tops seemed to be jumping up and down with me in my happiness. I noticed it then and I have noticed the same thing since. If one's heart jumps up and down hard enough, the rest of the world seems to keep time. It works even in politics.

" 'When I first met Mr. Clark I found that he had set his heart on a political career. Politics were as much outside of my experience then as aeroplaning is now, and well-meaning friends made gloomy predictions over the idea of the marriage of an impractical, rather bookish young woman and a struggling politician. But we had fallen in love, so we were married, and lived happy ever afterward. I gave him the best I had always, and never allowed any ordinary matter of business or society to keep me at home when he invited me to accompany him on his political trips, long or short, over the country.'

"During the Washington season Wednesday afternoons

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the wife of the Speaker holds her receptions. These are attended not only by the wives of other members of Congress, and by the wives of Senators, but by whatever proportion of the general public that feels itself inspired to call and accept hospitality and tea. Mrs. Clark will prove an adequate hostess on these occasions.

"Under her gracious manner lies the ready adaptability of the trained politician, and deeper still, that characteristic without which no hostess in public life may hope really to succeed—the genuine and instinctive appreciation of the 'good there is in us.' An old Missouri campaigner said, 'For purposes of coaxing a feud district into good nature, Champ Clark and his wife can't be equaled; and it's my opinion that she makes friends even quicker than he does.'

"Above the fireplace in the library of Mrs. Clark's apartment in Washington is a framed autographed picture of Mark Twain, and close beside it is an illuminated motto of his, 'To be good is noble, but to teach others to be good is nobler, and less trouble.' Mrs. Clark's smile toward both picture and text expresses the same whimsical kindliness that shines in the writings of the humorist. With Mark Twain Mrs. Clark had a beautiful and intimate friendship, dating from her girlhood. They were 'born and raised,' to speak Missouri, in adjoining counties.

"Mrs. Clark speaks with serious feeling of the lasting good of the religious instruction given in the isolated

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homes of the old-time Presbyterian community. 'There were no fancy brands of religion on the farm.' And the strict Sabbath and the well-learned Catechism established principles not supposed to predominate in the political world. So the effort to establish the ways of 'Continental Sunday' entertaining in Washington will receive scant encouragement from the wife of the present Speaker.

" 'I couldn't get my own consent to it,' she said simply, when asked whether it was her husband's engagements that prevented their attendance at an important dinner given on a Sunday night.

"Convention at the capital prescribes that the hostess in the Speaker's home need not return calls, but Mrs. Clark intends to follow the admirable example of Miss Cannon, who, during her father's rule as Speaker, made a conscientious effort to find every one 'who thought enough of her to leave a card.'

"Mrs. Clark will have no social secretary."

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CHAPTER XV

"Square to the Four Winds that Blow"

Mr. Clark believes with Jefferson that the whole art of government consists in being honest and in a realization of the Golden Rule. It is a simple creed and as sublime as the religion of our Savior. Jefferson's patriotism, uprightness, and philanthropy cannot be doubted, and these are conspicuous qualities in Clark's character. Hildreth, whose splendid ability as an historian was too often used to defame Jefferson, admitted ungrudgingly that the author of the Declaration of Independence was a philanthropist. No two men in our history are more alike than Clark and Jefferson in many respects, or more dissimilar in others. They resemble each other in immovableness of purpose and in strength of will, in their love of classical learning and in scholarship, in exalted patriotism and abiding faith in man's ability to govern himself, and in their advocacy of popular rights.

Jefferson was no orator, though with his pen he was the master of the art of expression in pure English. He ruled the masses about him from the council-board, or with the power of his pen; Clark leads by fellowship with his followers. He is a man of action and his military instincts account for his mastery over men. Clark is both Jackson and Jefferson in one. He has Jackson's executive force

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and Jefferson's depth of perception and strength of thought. He has intense warmth of feeling, and this accounts for his frequent displays of zeal and enthusiasm; but he is unswervingly steadfast, unstampedable, unshaken by any breeze, standing indeed "four square to the winds that blow."

Jefferson had his faults, as Hildreth bears cheerful witness; Jackson had faults and flaws of character which he never thought necessary to conceal nor excuse. Clark has none of Jefferson's and Jackson's delinquencies—his faults are his own—and he would not conceal nor minimize one of them.

Clark pities a weak man in a high place; he hates hypocrisy anywhere; he detests and abhors a political party that is untrue to its pledges, platforms, and pretensions; he has for years denounced corruptionists in public office and the plundering instincts of the human wolves congregating about the national capital seeking governmental advantage or aid in their nefarious designs, and when he encounters such a person on the floor of Congress his wrath is unbottled and his indignation never subsides.

Mr. Clark made a speech in Congress once on "Speech-stealers and Speech-stealing." He had suffered from these vandals, but his speech on this occasion was not the venting of personal pique, but was directed to the pitiful and piratical practice of weak men, who appropriate for their own uses men's mental property and mental products. Mr. Clark's fervid admiration—almost adoration—of men

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gifted with literary powers and his love of fair dealing account for his intolerance of that vulgarity described by the word "plagiarism." That speech shows us how "square" Mr. Clark is in mental honesty—the highest form of that virtue. Mr. Clark has mental honesty in an exalted degree. He is absolutely unswervingly true and loyal to his own mental convictions and conceptions. He would go unflinchingly to oblivion rather than controvert his own mental convictions. One of the finest tributes to Clark's character is contained in this paragraph from Greusel:

"Clever writers of the Smart Aleck School of Journalism have long and fraudulently pictured Champ Clark as a blunt provincial, overlooking the man's rugged honesty, the brilliancy of this famous orator's mind, his solid common sense, his knowledge of music, literature, and art, his storehouse of reading and research, his intuitions of men's ways. His has been among the picturesque careers of our times, and his honest denunciation of fraud has dictated epoch-making national legislation for nearly a generation past. His influence will abide."

The *Congressional Record* fairly scintillates with his irony, his sarcasm, his Olympian thunders directed at the shows, frauds, trickery, and the high-handed and wholesale pilferings of those who loot in the name of patriotism. A splendid chapter in any biography of Mr. Clark could be compiled from his speeches on this very subject. A small volume—indeed a large volume—could be collated

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from the *Congressional Record* by review of all his speeches dealing with human obliquity. Yet Mr. Clark is more noted for his good humor, for his abounding faith in the rectitude of man, than for his discoveries of obliquities.

Mr. Clark himself has met the supreme test, as to solidity of character in becoming Speaker of the House. The Speakership is the hardest office in the world to fill, and the hardest to get. Sometimes a man of indifferent ability may be elected to Congress, or even to the Presidency, but no mediocre can ever be elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. He is always chosen from the membership, though this is not required by law. Theoretically our Congress is composed of the ablest men in the nation, and practically the House is not far below the theoretical standard. A majority of the members of the House choose one of their number as the presiding officer, and intrust into his hands vast powers over legislation and over the conduct of public business. Any Speaker could make a million by a mere connivance, but no Speaker ever has been recreant to his mighty trust, for all have entered the office poor and have left it as poor as when they entered it—with only rare exceptions.

Mr. Clark was practically elected Speaker by the popular voice of the American people. During the Congressional campaign of 1910 the issue was squarely made between Champ Clark and Speaker Cannon in every district in the Union. In every Congressional district of the

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nation the public speakers informed the voters that a Republican victory would re-elect Cannon to the Speakership, and that a Democratic victory would result in the elevation of Mr. Clark to the Speakership. The vote of the nation was favorable to Clark. The Democratic candidates for Congress all over the nation pledged themselves thus in advance to make Clark Speaker, a pledge willingly and voluntarily made; they had long recognized him as the most capable and masterful spirit among them. They knew him to be able, impartial, and incorruptible; they knew to a certainty that he would not abuse, nor in any way misuse, the power thus given to him. Not a complaint has been made against the present Speaker by any member of his own party or of the Republican party.

On the occasion of the anniversary of his birthday, March 7, 1912, Representative Austin paid an eloquent tribute to Mr. Clark. Mr. Austin is a Republican, and his speech was one of several, all attesting Mr. Clark's staunchness of character. Subjoined is a verbatim reprint from the *Congressional Record*:

Mr. AUSTIN—Mr. Chairman, I ask for two minutes in which to address the Committee of the Whole.

Several Members—Make it five.

Mr. AUSTIN—Five minutes.

The CHAIRMAN—The gentleman from Tennessee asks unanimous consent to proceed for five minutes. Is there objection?

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There was no objection.

Mr. AUSTIN—Mr. Chairman, the honorable presiding officer of this House is not only your Speaker, but he is our Speaker. [Applause.] No man who could have been selected on that side of the House for that high and exalted office could have met with a warmer approval or endorsement on this side of the House than the Hon. Champ Clark. [Applause.] In the administration of that office he has been kind, considerate, and absolutely just and impartial. [Applause.]

I wish not only to congratulate him upon his birthday, but I congratulate his party on the wisdom of his selection as their leader in this House. [Applause.] I desire also, Mr. Chairman, on behalf of myself and colleagues on this side, to congratulate the Republican party in having such a man to preside over this Democratic House. [Applause.] I congratulate the American people because we have a typical American in that high place. [Applause.] And, gentlemen, I congratulate you upon your opportunity to make him the standard-bearer of the "unterrified" Democracy. [Applause.] He would make, if he had the opportunity, a wise Executive of the American people, one who would have their welfare and interest always uppermost in his mind in the administration of that great office. [Applause.] If we are to have a Democrat, we would all prefer him, but we are going to have a Republican President.

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CHAPTER XVI

Sparks from Clark's Anvil

The American mind is so rigged up that it makes no difference how many issues are stated in the platform, the people will settle down to one or two.

I am against repealing the Sherman law, but I favor amending it so as to make it perfectly clear, if it is not so now, and then enforcing it vigorously.

When I was a boy down in Kentucky the farmers used to say, "You shouldn't grease a fat hog." And let me tell you the American Woolen Company doesn't need any greasing.

Taft is the last standpat President of the United States.

The average citizen believes there's been entirely too much money spent in politics in the last few years. And he has made up his mind to stop it.

I believe the people ought to be treated fairly, honestly, candidly, and courageously. They are entitled to that

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square deal of which we hear so much and see so little. The promises made to carry an election ought to be carried out religiously after the election is won. No other rule of political conduct will do to live by. That's all the politics I know.

When Taft went to Winona, Minn., on a certain memorable occasion, it was the most unfortunate trip ever made by a President of the United States, for this reason: Mr. Taft made the statement on that occasion that the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill was the best tariff ever had by the people of the United States.

Individually, I would rather be accused of horse-stealing than of winning on one platform and then jumping on another after I am in.

Once a horse-thief was captured and hanged in Montana. One of the lynchers pinned a card on the dead thief's back, and on the card was written: "This man was a very bad man in some respects, and a whole lot worse in others." That is the best description of the Payne-Aldrich bill ever made.

The standpat Republicans say the tariff should be revised by its friends—I suppose by the same logic the trusts should be prosecuted by their friends.

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There are hundreds of witty yarns in circulation, used on platforms, pulpits, college halls, and in campaigns, that originated in the fertile brain of Champ Clark. Everything "reminds" him of something, and he straightway proceeds to draw on his large sense of historical comparison, for jest or earnest, the result being a story or a parable that flashes like a steel-blue diamond.

On one occasion Clark replied to a Republican that had called him into encounter, concluding in this characteristic way:

Mr. Chairman, a few years ago a tenderfoot went out West looking for a grizzly. He was all togged out in the latest style of hunting-suit, and dawned like an incredible vision on the astonished inhabitants west of the Missouri. He asked them where he could find a grizzly, and they told him reverently that at a certain place not far from there grizzlies were numerous, and would come if you whistled. Light-heartedly he took his way to the place indicated, and two days later they buried his mangled remains in the local cemetery. Over his innocent young head they erected a tombstone, whereon they rudely carved this epitaph: "He whistled for the grizzly, and the grizzly came."

Human nature has not changed one jot nor tittle since Adam walked with Eve amid the glories of Paradise.

It is easy to be liberal, even lavish, with other people's money.

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I want to say this to my Republican friends: In the heat of debate we are all liable to make a good many violent statements. I believe this is true about Republicans and about Democrats, too—individually they want to do what is right; that is, the bulk of them do. Take the Republicans one at a time and they are very clever sort of gentlemen, but take them en masse and they will not do to tie to by a jugful.

It is safe to say that were every Bible now printed in all the languages spoken by the children of men suddenly burned by the public hangman, it might be completely reproduced from the literature and memory of the world.

Every library is adorned with books purporting to be "Gems of Shakespeare, Byron, or Milton," "Beauties of Pope, Longfellow, or Shelley." Did anybody ever see a book entitled the "Gems of Job," or "Beauties of Paul"? I have not, and why not? For the all-sufficient reason that Job is all gems and Paul is all beauty.

I have such implicit faith in the proposition that truth is mighty and will prevail, that if I were as rich as John D. Rockefeller, I would publish a popular edition of Thomas Jefferson's works, and put a copy in the hands of every voter in the United States, absolutely certain that it would make this country Democratic for all time to come.

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In the main human nature is brave, gentle, sympathetic, charitable, and generous. And politicians are only an infinitesimal portion of the great pulsing race of Adam.

We reverse the dictum of Mark Anthony and say: "The *good* that *men do* lives after them."

Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold were angels of light when compared with the man who, for gold, lets the Trojan horse of corruption into the fortress of American liberty.

The mark of vagabondage placed upon the first murderer's brow was a badge of honor beside that which should mar the countenance of him who would tamper with a free ballot, the Palladium of human rights.

The worst enemies of our race are those who debauch public opinion.

It is written that a man cannot successfully serve God and Mammon. Neither can he become a shameless broker of offices and still remain a patriot.

When I was a boy attending the law school in Cincinnati I heard George H. Pendleton say in the Grand Opera House there that "the sweetest incense that ever greeted the nostrils of a public man was the applause of the people."

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Mr. Chairman, here we are in this ridiculous position: We pay policemen to crack people's skulls more than we pay teachers to improve the inside of their skulls.

In an earlier day out in Kansas the cashier of a bank stole all the money there was in the bank and blew it in on No. 2 wheat. The depositors caught him and were proceeding to hang him. He said he wanted to make a few remarks and they let him down. He declared that he wanted to make a proposition; that he had no money to give them, because that was all gone, but that he did not want to die an ignominious death by hanging. So he proposed to them that they might cut him to pieces, and each one take the piece that suited him best. One old chap on the outside of the crowd yelled out, "The rest of you fellows take what you please, but give me that feller's gall." Now that is what I want. If it ever comes to pass that my friend from Ohio (Grosvenor) is dissected, the rest of you take what you please, but give me his gall.

I want it written on my tombstone when I am dead that I was one of thirty-five men in this House, out of three hundred and fifty-seven, that had the nerve, the courage, the patriotism, and the good sense to vote against paying Spain $20,000,000 for the Philippines, even after the Senate had ratified the treaty.

Even Thomas Jefferson himself, who divides with King

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Solomon and Lord Bacon the honor of being the wisest man that ever lived, had no adequate conception of the vast importance and far-reaching influence on human affairs of the wondrous bargain in real estate which he secured from the martial Corsican. One of the strangest omissions in all literature was made by him, when, having sounded all the shoals and depths of honor, he failed to refer in any way to the great Louisiana Purchase in the famous epitaph which he prepared for his own monument, and which runs in this wise:

"Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the University of Virginia."

These *were* magnificent achievements—each ample to give him imperishable renown—for which we are all his debtors forever and forever; but, if he could have comprehended the full and marvelous effects of his unequaled trade with the First Consul, he would have added to that epitaph a fourth claim to the eternal admiration and gratitude of his countrymen, and to undying fame, "the author of the Louisiana Purchase," which alone of itself entitles him to first place among American statesmen.

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CHAPTER XVII

Reminiscent

The Blue Jackass

Mr. Clark thus discussed his own childhood:

"When I was ten years old I went to live with John Call, that I might attend school in the village of Mackville. Although Call could neither read nor write, he was a cracking good farmer, and a worthy man. His wife was a motherly woman, and my little sister and I had a good home. I paid for my board by feeding stock and cutting wood. Part of my duty morning and evening was to feed thirty head of mules and a blue jackass. One morning I gave the jackass all the corn intended for the thirty mules, and went into the house for breakfast. Was absent-minded, you know. My recollection was that I was thinking about my lessons.

"John Call never knew why I nearly broke my neck getting out of the house before I was fairly seated at the breakfast table. However, I saved the life of the jackass. As it was, he had eaten about fifteen ears of corn before I succeeded in clubbing him out of the stable. If the jackass had died, my father, with pockets empty, would have had to pay John Call, and my sister and I would probably have lost a comfortable home. Indeed, I feel

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kind of shaky to this day whenever I think of that greedy hive jackass and my very narrow escape from having his untimely and irregular death laid to my criminal carelessness."

Turned out of Church

Not long after Mr. Clark took up his abode at Louisiana, Mo., there was a steamboat excursion on the Mississippi River. The excursionists were mostly young people and there was dancing. Mr. Clark was one of the happiest of the company and he danced all night. The following Lord's Day he attended church, according to his usual custom.

One of the brothers arose in the congregation and reported that one of the flock had gone astray. He related most sorrowfully the wickedness of the delinquent, and delivered a dissertation concerning the dance that took place on the steamboat when Brother Clark had disregarded the rules of Christian conduct by indulging in the frivolity of that diversion; he moved that Mr. Clark be excluded from the church. The motion carried by unanimous vote, and Mr. Clark was horrified to find himself cut off from church membership. He had been a devout member of the Christian Church from his earliest youth; he had put himself to great inconvenience to attend Bethany College, founded by Alexander Campbell, and the

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chief seat of learning of the Christian Church; and he had graduated from that institution; he had been superintendent in the Christian Sunday-school at Camden, Kentucky. He believed in his church as he believed in the political tenets of Thomas Jefferson.

Now, to be thrust out in this unceremonious manner, for unconsciously violating a church rule, with no opportunity for defense, angered him. He strode forth out of the House of God in high dudgeon. He cooled his brow for a while in the summer breeze beneath the trees, and then re-entered the building just as the minister was "opening the doors of the church" for any who wished to join. Mr. Clark walked forward and offered himself for membership.

There was a murmur of surprise, and the deacons and elders began to hold whispered consultation. The fallen brother had returned with unexpected promptitude, and was asking forgiveness for any wrong committed and desiring reinstatement. The Bible commands that an erring brother shall be forgiven. There was nothing else to be done in this case. So Mr. Clark was received back into the church, after being out of it for less than one hour. The experience cured him of dancing, and he continues to this day a member of the church in good standing.

Jerry Simpson

Mr. Clark referred in a speech in Congress to his un-

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Clark at "Honey Shuck"

The Clark home, spacious and comfortable and resembling a substantial farmer's mansion, stands three blocks east of the court-house, on the edge of a deep ravine, which is crossed by a narrow wooden footbridge. There are several acres of ground, covered with all kinds of native forest trees, many of them festooned with vines, and in the autumn they are loaded with grapes. The name "Honey Shuck" was given to this residence because of two fine, thorny locust trees that stand near the house.

The chief charm of the place is to be found on the inside, especially when Mr. Clark, with his family, is occupying it as a residence. He has here the finest private library in the State of Missouri; not for show, but for use. Here Mr. Clark may be found when at home surrounded with his books and papers, always busy, but never too busy to receive visitors who may call to see him. The humblest is made welcome to his home with the same unreserved cordiality as the mightiest of the land.

Annually, in the autumn before the family departs for Washington, there is a public reception given at "Honey Shuck," on which occasion Mrs. Clark, Miss Genevieve Clark, and Bennett Clark aid the big Congressman in receiving his friends, who come for miles, driving to Bowling Green in buggies, carriages, and automobiles. The notice of these annual receptions is published in the papers, and

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HONEY SHUCK

(MR. CLARK'S HOME IN BOWLING GREEN, PIKE COUNTY, MISSOURI)

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simply says that the Clark family will expect their friends without further invitation. Mr. Clark enjoys these receptions and moves about among the guests, discussing the crops, the weather, politics, anything and everything, interspersing the talk with inimitable anecdotes.

Mrs. Clark, talented, stately, is a great favorite at Bowling Green as she is in Washington, while the daughter, the very picture of her handsome father, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, is the idol of her Pike County friends. Bennett Clark is the future hope of the Ninth Congressional district, where no one doubts that he will be in all respects worthy of his distinguished father.

Mr. Clark has more canes and less use for them than any other man in the county. He cannot refuse these tokens of regard when they are presented by admiring friends. He also has a fine collection of Indian relics, in which he takes great pride.

Mr. Clark as a Bill Collector

The story goes, though unauthenticated, that when Champ Clark began the practice of law at Louisiana, Mo., he was employed by a certain business firm to collect some old accounts, among them a bill against a farmer living in Pike County.

He went out to see the farmer and walked up to him and said brusquely, "My name is Clark." The farmer looked at him and said, "Yes, I know your name is Clark." The

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visitor, without a smile, going straight to the business in hand, said: "Old man Blank has a bill against you and wants me to collect it. What are you going to do about it?" The farmer sized up the six-footer and replied, "Oh, I hardly know, but I guess I'll pay it," which he did on the spot.

That Pair of Mules

The avowed purpose of Mr. Clark to drive down Pennsylvania Avenue behind a team of Pike County mules when he should go to the Capitol to assume the Speakership received wide publicity in the newspapers. Nearly every newspaper in the United States and a few in Canada printed the story, with comments and with comparisons with the story of Thomas Jefferson's riding to the Capitol on horseback and hitching the animal to the fence while he went in to take the oath as President.

Mr. Clark has long been famous for unique and striking expressions and ideas. On a parallel with this proposition was his declaration that, if he could have his way, every custom-house in the land would be burned down. This set Mr. Clark before the country as a free trader with accentuation that no argument could have procured. His proposition about the mules dates back some years, and has to do with a story of adventure and the loyalty of friends.

Luke Emerson, a wealthy stock raiser in Mr. Clark's district, a Republican in politics, but an admirer and con-

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stituent of the Pike County Congressman, was touring in Europe some years ago. One night he was taking in the sights of London when he was set upon by three robbers. Mr. Emerson promptly killed one of them and crippled the other two. The police came rushing to the spot and, seeing the fallen men, arrested Emerson as the aggressor and hurried him off to prison. In this dilemma the incarcerated Missourian cabled to Champ Clark.

Gov. David R. Francis was at the time in Europe, interviewing the crowned heads in behalf of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Clark and Francis were on the best of terms, having canvassed the State together when Francis was running for Governor. Clark was in the Legislature when Francis was inaugurated the Chief Executive of the State. When Mr. Clark received the cablegram from his friend Emerson he at once communicated with Francis, who hastened to London and easily secured Emerson's release. Mr. Emerson was very grateful to both Clark and Francis. He subscribed twenty-five hundred dollars then and there, and gave Mr. Francis a check for twenty-five hundred dollars for stock in the exposition.

When Mr. Clark became a member of the Ways and Means Committee, Mr. Emerson foresaw the Speakership looming in the distance, being perhaps the first man to see Speaker Clark dimly outlined on the horizon. Mr. Emerson made this proposition, "On the day that Mr. Clark shall become Speaker of the House I will present him with the finest span of mules on my farm, provided he

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will drive them down Pennsylvania Avenue once." Mr. Clark is as good a judge of live stock as he is of men, and he accepted Mr. Emerson's offer, considering it a joke.

Some Old School-Books

Mr. Clark and Mrs. Clark often revert to their school days and to the books that they studied in childhood, and both take joy in recalling the merits of the old-time text-book. James B. Morrow asked Mr. Clark, "What books have had the greatest influence on your life?" The question uncovered his philosophy and revealed the head-waters of his inspiration. He answered: " 'Buckle's History of Civilization in England,' which opened many things to me and set me to thinking, and the 'Rhetoric' of George Payn Quackenbos. Of course, I put the Bible above all else."

These two books led the youthful Clark to study the art of expression, which made him an orator, and political economy, which made him a statesman. He would have been an orator and a statesman anyway, but it is interesting to know from what books he received his first and, perhaps, greatest impetus.

Continuing, Morrow wrote:

"The year 1862, when Henry Thomas Buckle, hurrying from Egypt to London, died at Damascus, and when Champ Clark, then a youth of twelve, hacked himself on the leg while cutting corn in Kentucky—related incidents,

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MISS GENEVIEVE CLARK

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in a way, though wide apart geographically—the year 1862, as I was about to say, unmistakably impresses itself upon current events, and may possibly compel some changes in the schedules of the tariff bill now (1908) in the toils and pains of Republican unification.

"It was in October of that year that Champ Clark appeared for the first time in public. He was working for John Call, a farmer. There was a picnic in the neighborhood, and he had a piece that he wanted to declaim. John Call promised to let him off when he had cut eleven fat shocks of corn, which was a decent day's work for an able-bodied man. Champ cut the corn, beginning before day, and also, in his eagerness and haste, he cut a gash in his leg. Binding his wound, he sped away. An orator was born that day who has been diligent with his fine talent for talk ever since.

"At about the same time, perhaps, Buckle was breathing his last at the edge of a desert, among heathens and infidels—Buckle, who declared that man is the result of civilization, that therefore civilization cannot be the work of man, and that intellectual progress is wholly a matter of climate, soil, and food. The doctrines and graces of Buckle and Quackenbos, joining and centering themselves in one vigorous personality, have given the country Champ Clark, the Central West its most persistent and glowing prophet, and to the State of Missouri, where perfect climate, soil, and food, proportioned and mingled by the hand of Nature, produce the only ideal men and

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women in the history of all mankind, its sweetest minstrel and its most masterful advocate. At bottom Champ Clark is a missioner of sunshine. He wanted something large and glorious to talk about. Buckle took him by the hand and led him into the valley of the Mississippi, and there Quackenbos put moving words into his mouth."

Mrs. Clark fondly recalls the days of her girlhood, when she gave her best efforts to the mastery of "McGuffey's Eclectic Readers" (old series) and "Ray's Arithmetic." These old-fashioned books have honored places to this day on Mrs. Clark's bookshelves. She has adopted these books as her "hobby," inasmuch as she was called upon to have a hobby, which she had not heretofore thought necessary to have. She said in an interview:

"My search for a hobby came about in this way: Among my duties in Mr. Clark's absence is to look over his mail, answer his correspondence, etc. Some time ago I received a request from a magazine for a three-hundred-word article on my 'hobby'. I thought and studied and investi gated and dreamed in search of, oh, just any kind of a 'hobby.' I discovered that most women—especially club-women—have them. Still, my search was quite in vain I am frank to confess that it is the same as it was. I can't find anything that beats 'McGuffey's Readers' and 'Ray's Arithmetic.'"

Her preference for these school-books accords with the expressed opinions of James G. Blaine and Whitelaw Reid She maintains that "McGuffey's Readers," which she

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studied in the little country schoolhouse down in Calloway County, Missouri, have been one of the greatest forces in her life. She insists that there is nothing in the modern text-books to compare with the moral and religious tone of the stories in those quaint volumes. She committed to memory all the poems in those "Readers," and she has not forgotten them. Especially does she recall the pointed doggerel of "Meddlesome Mattie," the shining virtues of "Grateful Julian," and the horrible fate of the "Idle Schoolboy."

Many a man and woman who recalls the well-thumbed pages of Webster's old blue-back "Speller," which often went with "Ray's Arithmetic" and the "McGuffey's Readers" in the country schoolhouses of a generation ago, will quite agree with Mrs. Clark in her preference for these sterling old school-books.

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CHAPTER XVIII

Various Opinions

HASTINGS MACADAMS

(In the *St. Louis Republic*, November 30, 1910)

Clark Discusses Committeeships.—Champ Clark reminisces now and then. While in Washington he is a flat dweller. One evening recently, in his cozy apartment, while lolling in a comfortable armchair, he preferred retrospection to talking of urgent issues.

"If it were not for the name of the thing," he said, "I would as soon come to Congress a new member and not be appointed to any committee at all."

This is a startling statement. Committee assignments, which vary greatly in importance, are looked upon as giving members opportunities for distinguishing themselves, which otherwise they would not have.

"I would be content to serve twenty years without a committee place," he continued, "and would wager that I, or any other man, would rise to a place in the House just commensurate with his abilities. For one who had done

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pretty well in his State, who had a little local reputation, I got as cold a deal as was ever dealt when I first came to Congress, twenty years ago. The House was Democratic, and then the Speaker, Crisp, put me on the Committee on Old Pensions, almost equivalent to no committee at all, and on the Committee on Claims in which there is ample opportunity for hard work and no opportunity for glory.

"The silver bill was up. It was a big session, and the big guns were using all the time. Like most new members, I wanted the speech to make a good impression. I was told that I might get in at night, but certainly could not have the chance in the daytime. I studied about it long enough to find out the working of the five-minute rule, and I fixed up a speech on the tariff. I crammed, and sat up nights framing all the epigrams that I could, and practiced to find out how much talk took five minutes. I divided the speech, about an hour and a quarter of it, into five-minute sections, and memorized each section. I knew them as well as I know the Ten Commandments.

"One day, when the five-minute rule was in force and the House crowded, I got the floor and turned loose for five minutes; and, after holding them pretty well, got my time extended five minutes more. A little later I got up again, and then had my time extended three times, and so on until I had delivered my speech.

"If importance is to be attached to committeeships," continued Mr. Clark, using an informal and conversational

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style, "I believe that the bottom place on the Ways and Means Committee is fully as good as the chairmanship of most other Committees. It was not so very long ago, eight years, I think, when the Fifty-eighth Congress was organizing. John Sharp Williams was the Democratic leader. I then ranked first among the Democrats of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. John came to me and said he wanted me to go on the Ways and Means Committee. I hedged, saying I was close to the top of a good Committee, and, if the House went Democratic, might count on being chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. 'Champ,' said John, 'I need you over there. Republican speakers have packed the Committee with protection Democrats, and I've got to have you to help me in tariff debates on the floor.' Well, I agreed to make the change.

"In four years, such was luck, I passed from the bottom to the top among the Democrats of this important committee. John Sharp Williams left the House to run for the Senate. Robertson, of Louisiana, retired. Swanson, of Virginia, quit to run for Governor, McClellan resigned to become Mayor of New York, and Cooper, of Texas, was beaten for the nomination."

During all the eight years the tariff was being constantly agitated in the country. Finally, a revision became inevitable; the Republican National Convention of 1908 was forced to promise it. In such a situation, the ranking Democrat on the Ways and Means Committee was the logical selection for Democratic leader; and the

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leader, control of the House being won, is now the logical choice for Speaker.

With a Span of Mules

GEORGE GRISWOLD HILL

(In the *New York Tribune*, November 13, 1910)

"Worked as a hired hand,
"Clerked in a country store,
"Edited a country newspaper,
"And finally practised law."
—*Champ Clark, in his own biography*

When a member of the next House of Representatives rises and says, "Mr. Speaker," he will not be addressing "the gentleman from Danville, Ill." but "the gentleman from Pike County, Mo." At least, that is the prediction of well-informed Democrats, and they ought to know. Assuming, therefore—and in the light of the large Democratic majority elected last Tuesday—that for once a Democratic prediction will come true, when you enter the visitors' gallery of the next House you will no longer observe the stately form and "affidavit-like" face of "Uncle Joe" Cannon surmounting the marble rostrum opposite, but instead you will perceive a typical Southerner, stout rather than lean, with clean shaven face and a somewhat severe expression, but one that suggests that if only refractory Democrats and exasperatingly logical

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Republicans would permit, it might break into an expansive smile.

Champ Clark is a man at whom most people would look more than once, whom few people would mistake for anything but a Democrat. Adorned with his broad, black slouch hat it would be impossible to mistake him for anything but a Democratic politician. He stands six feet one inch in his stockings, weighs about two hundred pounds, and, except when he is "orating," has a somewhat commanding presence. When he "orates" he assumes a stoop which sometimes resembles a crouch, and were it not for the force and sobriety of his utterances some of his gestures would seem actually grotesque.

Born in 1850 in Kentucky, and immigrating as a comparatively young man to Missouri, Champ Clark combines the spread-eagle eloquence of the Blue-Grass State with the indomitability of the Missouri mule. An early, but brief experience in Kansas, whence he was driven by grasshoppers, imparted to him those vagaries of political and economic view which the "insurgents" admire and the Democrats adore, and which mark him as the logical leader of a Democratic House.

Prepares for His Career—A well-educated, in fact, a cultivated man, despite his propensity for mules and metaphors, he early demonstrated his love of oratory. When only twelve years old he delivered an oration at a country picnic in Kentucky. When twenty-three, after having been graduated from Bethany College and the Cincinnati Law

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School, he became president of Marshall College, being the youngest college president in the land. Of his brilliant attainments there was little question, and as a pedagogue he might have achieved an enviable career, but fate had marked him for a politician, and he was too wise to resist its promptings. As if with a prescience almost incredible, young Clark determined to abandon his collegiate career, and still further to fit himself for the position of a great leader of the Democracy, he became the proprietor and editor of a Missouri newspaper, which he conducted with a loyalty to the Democracy wholly oblivious of political facts or economic truths. The sound qualities of the man who had been chosen by fate to be a Democratic Speaker were abundantly demonstrated, however, when he came to sell his newspaper property. He sold it back to the man from whom he purchased it—and at a profit. That he might acquire the bucolic point of view so essential to the Missouri politician, Mr. Clark conducted a series of agricultural experiments on a Kansas farm, but, as has been told, the grasshoppers were his undoing and he returned to Missouri a wiser if a poorer man.

Having done a little of everything and nothing for long, and having established an enviable reputation at the Pike County bar, Mr. Clark decided, in 1888, that he was well fitted to enter upon the serious work of his chosen career. He ran for the Missouri Legislature and was elected. That he was a genuinely good fellow, possessed then as now of many attractive qualities, is abundantly

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proven by the fact that at least one staunch Republican voted for his nomination. That was in Missouri, and at a time when Republican votes did not count much in that State unless they were cast for Democrats, so the Republican was excusable. This Republican supporter did not vote in the primaries, however, but in the grand jury, for, strange as it may seem, it was a grand jury which gave the Pike County statesman his first boost into political life. It was before the grand jury that Mr. Clark had been practising as prosecuting attorney, and so deeply was the jury impressed with his ability that it voted unanimously to nominate him for the Legislature, paid all the primary expenses, and had the satisfaction of seeing its judgment confirmed in the primaries and ratified at the election.

FROM PIKE COUNTY TO WASHINGTON—It was in 1892 that Mr. Clark was first elected to Congress. Two years later, when Missouri sent eleven Republicans to the House out of a delegation of fourteen, the future Democratic Speaker was defeated for reelection by a music teacher. And it was right there that Mr. Clark's indomitability went into action. He went to work immediately to demonstrate to the Ninth Missouri District that the music teacher was out of harmony with the district, that he was a discordant note in the House. He promoted fugues and feuds enough to drive an ordinary music teacher insane. He convinced his district, and the beating that he gave to that professor of harmonies two years later would have

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been scandalous treatment to accord a kettledrum. Then and there the Ninth Missouri District acquired the habit of sending Champ Clark to Congress, and it has been doing it ever since.

It has been said of Champ Clark that he is "a Democrat by instinct." It is certainly true that he has always been "agin the government," and there is little reason to hope that as Democratic Speaker during a Republican administration anything will work his conversion. Early in his career as a member of the House he was appointed to the much coveted Foreign Affairs Committee, but he was not happy there. He found the intricacies of foreign affairs as boring as Henry Cabot Lodge finds them interesting. He was wholly incapable of putting himself in the place of the foreigner, of seeing through his eyes, or of perceiving the significance which foreigners are likely to attach to little things. He has a large taste for figures, a certain grasp of economies, and an extraordinary memory for detail. Of literature, as such, at least for that large class of literature which makes demands on the imaginative faculties, the Pike County statesman is intolerant. In a word, Champ Clark lacks imagination. It was not until he had rendered long service in the House that he achieved his ambition to become a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, but once there he amply demonstrated his capacity for work. As a cross-examiner of witnesses he is incisive and penetrating, and when the tariff bill was under consideration he rendered valuable service not only

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to his party but often to the Republican Chairman, Sereno Payne.

As an Orator.—It is as an orator, however, that Mr. Clark has achieved greatest distinction. Despite certain limitations, he is a really great orator. Mr. Justice Brewer, in his work, "Best Orations of the World," included Mr. Clark's eulogy of Gen. Frank P. Blair, and no one who has heard the Missouri statesman at his best can have failed to be entertained and sometimes instructed. Champ Clark has not only read the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and Washington's Farewell Address, but he has also masticated, swallowed, and assimilated them. He once committed them to memory. Now he no longer recalls their phraseology, because he has made it his own, and thinks and speaks it. Occasionally, just by way of variety, he speaks the language of Patrick Henry, but even that he does unconsciously. But while he is an orator, he is not a rhetorician, and while he is often eloquent, it is, perhaps, in the running exchange of debate that he most shines.

In action Champ Clark becomes enthused by his own fervor and emits oratorical pyrotechnics like a Vesuvius on a rampage. Metaphor and invective, sarcasm and humor, are all at his command. As he works himself up to the forensic frenzy which usually characterizes his peroration, the Republicans among his hearers should be writhing in their consciousness of guilt—and perhaps they

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would be, were they not so immensely entertained by the Missourian in action. Indeed, Champ Clark is always at his best in a fury of denunciation. Excoriating that venerable old figure of bygone Buckeye politics, Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor, he was in his element. And on such occasions he strove to emphasize his remarks by a singular gesture—perhaps posture would be the better word. Gripping each side of his desk tightly, he would crouch like a cat about to spring, and then slowly shake his hands from side to side as if he had his victim in his teeth. Occasionally General Grosvenor and Mr. Clark met on the Chautauqua platforms, and when they did the sparks flew as in an old-fashioned smithy. It is really unfortunate that, as Speaker, Mr. Clark will have so little opportunity to talk, for the chief task of the Speaker is to listen, not to speak.

His Personal Side.—Personally Mr. Clark is a genial, kindly man. It is one of his most cherished recollections that when he was prosecuting attorney he let off with fines twenty-five young men, each indicted for his first offense, and each of whom he might have sent to the penitentiary, and it is with the utmost satisfaction that he relates that of the number twenty-four are good and useful citizens to-day. He is popular with his colleagues in the House, and he has a keen sense of humor, despite the fact that he asserts that a public man is better off without

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such sense; that it is likely to be more hurtful than helpful to men in public life.

Speaker Reed Mr. Clark once declared to be "in pure mentality one of the greatest Americans in history." Politically he was compelled to criticise Mr. Reed's somewhat arbitrary control of the House. And yet it is entirely probable that none better than Mr. Clark appreciated the extraordinary conditions with which Mr. Reed was called upon to deal, and it would not be surprising if he largely sympathized with the drastic measures which the Speaker employed to combat filibustering tactics of an extraordinarily exasperating character. It is certainly a safe prediction that if Mr. Clark did not then entirely sympathize with the methods of the Maine statesman he will do so before he has long occupied the Speaker's chair.

An Outside View of Clark and His District

(*In Ainslee's Magazine*, June, 1900)

No one that has met the honorable Congressman from the Ninth Missouri would doubt that Champ Clark came from a part of the country as characterful as himself. His broad face, stout body, keen gray eyes, and restful manner mark him emphatically for the West. There is something in the pursed lips, set against even teeth, and broad-brimmed hat, pushed genially back upon the forehead, the heave of the body by which he rests, now on one foot, now

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on the other, that shows him to hail from a region where easy manners and aggressive independence are still the rule in the individual and not the exception. When he utters his slow, measured "I hope you all will excuse me," he settles conjecture.

"You all" is good Missouri for you. In famous Pike County, where he lives, you will hear nothing better than this, and he gets his style from his constituents.

The Ninth Missouri is proud of Champ Clark. The whole State admires him, but the Ninth considers him a fine type of itself. There you will hear him spoken of by his good, old, hide-bound Democratic supporters as you hear fathers speak of their sons.

"Champ's a pretty able man," they will tell you, with mental reserve. "He's as smart as a whip."

If you imagine this is poor praise, accuse Champ Clark of being a poor twig of Democracy. Then you will hear something which will make clear why he is invincible in his district. When Missourians of the old school like a man, they like him all over.

"Oh, Clark's got good friends out here," one said to me. "His best ones 'ud go through hell and water to save him, I guess. He's as smart a man as you'd want for that job."

To understand a political character of this sort we must understand his district. The average Congressman at Washington, neatly dressed, smooth-mannered, and pleasantly conversing upon broad American principles,

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savors little of the crude condition from which he has sprung. In the luxurious atmosphere of Washington the rough country-trailer walks a different man. He meets a class who may never have seen the rough district with which he is so familiar. He enters an entirely different world, a world where his position is accepted, where the means by which he has risen are unrecognized. Here he is a Congressman, pure and simple, with all the dignity that attaches to the office, with all the smallness that it may indicate.

Back of him may be, as in the present case, a country and a people wholly strange to the capital atmosphere. The land is of meager population, of crude habitation, of old-fashioned ideas, of simple, almost primitive amusements. The long roads lie untraveled save by the hardest necessity. The fields may be cultivated in the crudest way. The majority may not see a railroad train once in three weeks. A daily newspaper may be a rarity, except in the case of the best local families. The fathers are rough and husky—their one comfort, their home; their one diversion, politics. The mothers are excellent housewives, whose world consists of husband and children. The children, hale, quiet-mannered youngsters, have a drawl of voice and manner which would make their city cousins stare. Often they are studious, and of that solid stuff which reinforces the cities with brain and brawn, and gives to the world men of mark. When you find such a district

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you will sometimes find a man who represents it. Such a representative is Champ Clark.

The honorable Congressman from the Ninth has a district which is as interesting as he is. It is one of the fifteen gerrymandered portions of Missouri which have sent to Washington such men as Dockery, of Gallatin, Cowherd, of Kansas City, Bland, of Lebanon.

It was the Eighth, which adjoins Clark's district on the west, that, barring one term, kept Bland at Washington from 1873 until the day of his death. It is the Third that has done nearly as well by Dockery. The Ninth is one which is gerrymandered, but not in Clark's favor. It has a great many more Democrats than it needs to elect a Congressman.

"We was just a-wasting votes up here until we decided to help the Thirteenth," one white-haired patriarch said to me, "so we threw out two counties and took in Gasconade and Crawford. They're naturally Republican, but when they's in with us they can't do much damage."

These two sad-fated Republican counties now cast their votes in vain. A rousing 3,000 majority greets the Democratic nominee, whoever he may be, provided the Democrats are not quarreling among themselves, which happens not infrequently.

In this district the voters are known personally to the leaders. The leaders are solid men of the community. An element of individuality comes into play, on which the leaders must count. The average citizen knows his

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own district as he knows his best horse. He can tell you just what it can do politically and financially. He is proud of its towns and country districts, of its fertility and beauty. The man of the Ninth sees it in his mind's eye, a long, straggling line of counties shaped almost like the continent of Africa. He knows where the good towns are, where the rich valleys lie, where the streams run. He has heard of the political squabbles of this place, the financial difficulties of that. Jonesburg, Montgomery County, is going to have a new opera house? So it is, to be sure. When you tell him that, it is of the same nature to him as information concerning his brother's eldest boy's success. It is all family information.

The residents of such districts are proud enough to want a good leader. It is the district they love, more than the Congressman who represents it; but when the Congressman arises, who, by the very qualities which they admire, distinguishes himself, who has somewhat about him of the atmosphere and soil which they are accustomed to, that man comes to embody for them the spirit of their local world. His manners are the manners of the district; his sentiments are the sentiments of the district. He walks abroad shod as they are shod, and strong as they are strong. He comes to have their feelings, as well as their virtues, and at last he is their representative. No one can beat him. There is no need for any one to try.

It takes a sterling sort of people to make a sterling leader. The men must have their independence, the women

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their virtue. Out in the Ninth they have both. One still finds family life there operating almost upon a patriarchal basis. It is a region of large families, as well as of large convictions. The father who has nine stalwart sons is not a rarity.

"I just met Brother Weemans over here," said Congressman Clark, while canvassing Gasconade County in 1896. It was during one of those long buggy rides over rough roads from one small town to another, and all sorts of topics were seized upon to relieve the tedium. "He's got nine strapping boys, and had 'em all there to shake hands with me. Said he wished he had nine girls, so he could make 'em all marry Democrats who would vote for me also. Good old man, Weemans is." There are families much larger and just as loyal. They live and propagate in one region, and finally become exceedingly numerous and of one name. There is a family of Tates in Montgomery County, seventy or more strong, all living in one neighborhood, and all Democrats. A family of Homans in another section of the district is equally numerous and equally Democratic. Family feeling does not end with one household. It extends to the homes of every son and daughter, and to the homes of their children and their children's children in turn. Speak of the Swart family out there and you are thought to be referring to several scores of Swarts, scattered all over the district. Family reunions are common, and embrace such multitudes that

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camping out is resorted to, and a picnic indulged in, while they last.

Champ Clark has little, if any, blood kin, as the word is there, but a vast number of political and social friends who are as close as blood could make them. Most of the Democrats of the nine counties claim a speaking acquaintance with him. Most of them have entertained him at one time or another. He has stopped at their gates, dined at their tables, slept for a night in their best spare bedrooms. He has talked politics with the fathers, and encouraged and strengthened the political views of the sons.

Among his chief adherents you find men who have sacrificed not only time and labor, but also hard-earned money, in the cause of their political idol. In almost every case they expect nothing and receive nothing. Their reward is the triumph of their affections and prejudice.

"I went to my brother Morg," said one of Clark's supporters, in describing the latter's first Congressional fight, "and begged him to let up on Clark. 'It doesn't make any difference to you,' I said. 'Why do you help my enemies? You know his enemies are my enemies. For God's sake, turn once now and help me.'"

"Did he?" I asked.

"Yes, he did."

"And why did you make such a fight for the man?"

"I liked him. He's my friend. He is a friend of all my friends."

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In the nine counties there are but 153,000 people, 60,000 of whom are gathered into small towns. The remaining 93,000 are scattered over 3,000,000 acres of land. If all families were of the State's average size—five and one-half members—and they were evenly scattered over the district, there would be one such family to every two hundred acres.

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CHAPTER XIX

Excerpts from Clark's Speeches and Lectures

EULOGY ON FRANCIS PRESTON BLAIR

(Delivered in the House of Representatives February 4, 1899)

Mr. Clark, of Missouri: Mr. Speaker, when Governor B. Gratz Brown, one of the most brilliant of all Missouri statesmen, on an historic occasion said, "Missouri is a grand State and deserves to be grandly governed," he uttered an immortal truth. He might have added with equal veracity, "She deserves to be grandly represented in the Congress of the United States," and she has been in the main, particularly in the Senate, where paucity of members and length of tenure more surely fix a man in the public eye than service in the House.

Of Missouri's twenty-one Senators there were fourteen Democrats, one Whig, and six Republicans. Of one hundred and fifty-six years of Senatorial representation to which she has been entitled, two were not used, six fell to Whigs, twenty-two to Republicans, and one hundred and twenty-six to Democrats.

This roster of Missouri Senators is an array of names

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of which the nation, no less than the State, may well be proud. There are many great men—scarcely a small one—in the list.

Missouri is proud of her immeasurable physical resources, which will one day make her *facile princeps* among her sisters; but there is something else of which she is prouder still, and that is her splendid citizenship, consisting at this day of nearly four million industrious, intelligent, patriotic, progressive, law-abiding, God-fearing people.

When questioned as to her riches she could with propriety imitate the example and quote the words of Cornelia, the mother of the heroic Gracchi, and, pointing to her children, say truthfully and pridefully, "These are my jewels."

In sending Thomas Hart Benton and the younger Francis Preston Blair to represent her forever in the great American Valhalla, where the effigies of a nation's immortal worthies do congregate, Missouri made a most happy, fitting selection from among a host of her distinguished sons. These two men complement each other to an extraordinary degree. Really their lives formed but one career—a great career—a career of vast import to the State and to the nation. Both were Southerners by birth; both were soldiers of the Republic; both members of this House; both Senators of the United States; both added largely to American renown; both left spotless reputations as a heritage to their countrymen.

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In this era of good feeling it may seem ungracious to talk much about the Civil War, and may appear like "sweet bells jangled, out of tune"; but this is an historic occasion, Frank Blair is an historic personage, and the truth should be told about him. All his deeds with which history will concern itself are those which he performed in matters pertaining to that unhappy period—either before, during, or after. A speech about him and without mention of these things would be like the play of "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark left out.

His Birthplace.—Born in the lovely blue-grass region of Kentucky, reared in Washington City, in the excitement and swirl of national politics, spending his manhood's days in St. Louis, the great city of the Iron Crown, his opportunities for growth were of the best, and he developed according to the expectations of his most sanguine friends.

Within a radius of seventy-five miles of Lexington, Kentucky, where Frank Blair first looked forth upon this glorious world, more orators of renown were born or have exercised their lungs and tongues than upon any other plat of rural ground of the same size upon the habitable globe.

Whether the inspiring cause is the climate, the soil, the water, or the limestone, I do not know, but the fact remains.

Soldier.—Frank Blair was a soldier of two wars. He received his "baptism of fire" during our brief but glorious

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conflict with Mexico, being a lieutenant in that small, heroic band of Missourians, who, under Col. Alexander W. Doniphan, made the astounding march to Santa Fé, Chihuahua, Sacramento, and Monterey—an achievement which added an empire to the Union and which threw into the shade that far-famed performance of Xenophon and his ten thousand which has been acclaimed by the historians of twenty centuries.

In the Civil War he began as a colonel, fought his way to a major-generalcy, and was pronounced by General Grant to be one of the two best volunteer officers in the service, John A. Logan, "the Black Eagle of Illinois," who married a Missouri wife, being the other. In Sherman's famous march to the sea Blair commanded a corps, and was considered the Marshal Ney of that army.

THE FIGHT FOR MISSOURI.—Early impressions are never effaced; and it may be—who knows?—that the fact that when a child he sat upon the knee of Andrew Jackson, received the kiss of hereditary friendship from his lips, and heard words of patriotism fall burning from his tongue, determined his course in the awful days of '61, for Jackson himself, could he have returned to earth in the prime of life, could not have acted a sterner or more heroic part than did his foster son.

The fact that Andrew Jackson, Thomas Hart Benton, and the elder Francis Preston Blair were sworn friends most probably caused young Frank to settle in St. Louis, a performance which, though little noted at the time, in

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all human probability kept Missouri in the Union, and thereby defeated the efforts of the Southern people for independence; for had it not been for Blair's cool courage, clear head, unquailing spirit, indefatigable industry, commanding influence, and rare foresight, the Southern sympathizers in Missouri would have succeeded in taking her into the Confederacy.

When we consider the men who were against Blair it is astounding that he succeeded. To say nothing of scores, then unknown to fame, who were conspicuous soldiers in the Confederate army and who have since held high political position, arrayed against him were the Governor of the State, Claiborne F. Jackson; the Lieutenant Governor, Thomas C. Reynolds; ex-United States Senator and ex-Vice-President David R. Atchison; United States Senators Trusten Polk and James S. Green, the latter of whom had no superior in intellect or as a debater upon this continent; Waldo P. Johnson, elected to succeed Green in March, 1861, and the well-beloved ex-Governor and ex-Brigadier-General in the Mexican War, Sterling Price, by long odds the most popular man in the State.

No man between the two oceans drew his sword with more reluctance, or used it with more valor, than "Old Pap Price." The statement is not too extravagant or fanciful for belief that had he been the sole and absolute commander of the Confederates who won the battle of

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Wilson's Creek, he would have rescued Missouri from the Unionists.

The thing that enabled Blair to succeed was his settled conviction from the first that there would be war—a war of coercion. While others were hoping against hope that war could be averted, or, at least, that Missouri could be kept out of it, even if it did come—while others were making constitutional arguments; while others were temporizing and dallying—he acted. Believing that the questions at issue could be settled only by the sword, and also believing in Napoleon's maxim, "God fights on the side of the heaviest battalions," he grimly made ready for the part which he intended to play in the bloody drama.

A LEADER.—The old Latin dictum runs, "*Poeta nascitur, non fit.*" The same is true of the leader of men—he is born, not made.

What constitutes the quality of leadership, Mr. Speaker? You do not know. I do not know. None of us knows. No man can tell.

Talent, genius, learning, courage, eloquence, greatness in many fields we may define with something approximating exactness; but who can inform us as to the constituent elements of leadership? We all recognize the leader the moment we behold him; but what entitles him to that distinction is, and perhaps must forever remain, one of the unsolved mysteries of psychology.

Talent, even genius, does not make a man a leader, for some men of the profoundest talents, others of the most

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dazzling genius, have been servile followers, and have debased their rich gifts from God to the flattery of despots. Most notable among those was Lord Bacon, the father of the inductive philosophy, who possessed the most exquisite intellect ever housed in a human skull, and whose spirit was so abject and so groveling that he was not unjustly described in that blistering, scornful couplet by Alexander Pope:

> "If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
> "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!"

Courage is not synonymous with the quality of leadership, though necessary to it, for some of the bravest soldiers that ever met death upon the battlefield and defied him to his face were amazingly lacking in that regard.

Learning does not render a man a leader, for some of the greatest scholars of whom history tells were wholly without influence over their fellow-men. Eloquence does not make a leader, for some of the world's greatest orators, among them Cicero, have been the veriest cravens; and no craven can lead men.

Indeed, learning, eloquence, courage, talents, and genius altogether do not make a leader.

But whatever the quality is, people recognize it instinctively and inevitably follow the man who possesses it.

Frank Blair was a natural leader.

Yet during his career there were finer scholars in Missouri than he, though he was an excellent scholar, a grad-

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uate of Princeton; there were more splendid orators, though he ranked with the most convincing and persuasive; there were profounder lawyers, though he stood high at the bar; there were better mixers, though he had cordial and winning manners; there were men, perhaps, of stronger mental force, though he was amply endowed with brains, so good a judge of human nature as Abraham Lincoln saying of him, "He has abundant talents"; there were men as brave, though he was of the bravest, but as a leader he overtopped them all.

Believing sincerely that human slavery was wrong *per se*, and that it was of most evil to the States where it existed, he fought it tooth and nail, not from sympathy for the negroes so much as from affection for the whites, and he created the Republican party in Missouri before the Civil War—a most hazardous performance in that day and latitude. At its close, when in his judgment his party associates had become the oppressors of the people and the enemies of liberty, he left them, and, lifting in his mighty arms the Democracy, which lay bleeding and swooning in the dust, he breathed into its nostrils the breath of life—another performance of extraordinary hazard.

This man was of the stuff out of which martyrs are made, and he would have gone grimly, undauntedly, unflinchingly, and defiantly to the block, the scaffold, or the stake in defense of any cause which he considered just. Though he was imperious, tempestuous, dogmatic, and

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impetuous, though no danger could swerve him from the path of duty, though he gave tremendous blows to his antagonists and received many of the same kind, he had infinite compassion for the helpless and the weak, and to the end his heart remained as tender as a little child's.

When he came out of the army, with his splendid military and civil record, it may be doubted whether there was an official position, however exalted, beyond his reach, if he had remained with the Republicans. I have always believed, and do now believe, that by severing his connection with them he probably threw away the vice-presidency —possibly the presidency itself—a position for which most statesmen pant even as the heart panteth for the waterbrook. During his long, stormy, and vicissitudinous career he always unhesitatingly did what he thought was right for right's sake, leaving the consequences to take care of themselves. That he was ambitious of political preferment there can be no question; but office had no charms for him, if it involved sacrifice of principle or compromise of conscience.

This great man, for great he was beyond even the shadow of a doubt, enjoyed the distinction unique among statesmen of being hated and loved in turn by all Missourians, of changing his political affiliations violently twice long after he had passed the formative and effervescent period of youth, and, while spending nearly his entire life in the hurly-burly of politics, of dying at last mourned by every man and woman in the State whose good opinion

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was worth possessing. In that respect his career is without a parallel. Born a Democrat, he served in this House as a Republican, in the Senate as a Democrat, and died finally in the political faith of his fathers.

Change of party affiliations by a man of mature age is nearly always a painful performance—generally injurious to his fame; but Blair's two complete changes of base appear to have increased the respect in which men held him, and the secret of this anomaly is that in each instance he quit a triumphant and arrogant majority, with which he was prime favorite, to link his fortunes with a feeble and hopeless minority—proof conclusive of his rectitude of purpose; whereas, if he had abandoned a minority to join a majority, his honesty of motive might have well been impugned.

Benton's scorn of his opponents was so lofty and so galling, the excoriations he inflicted—aye, lavished—upon them bred such rancor in their hearts, the lash with which he scourged them left such festering wounds, that they never forgave him until they knew that he was dead—dead as Julius Caesar—dead beyond all cavil. Then they put on sackcloth and ashes and gave him the most magnificent funeral ever seen west of the Mississippi.

Blair's was a happier fate than that of his illustrious prototype and exemplar. While from the day of his return from the Mexican War to the hour of his retirement from the Senate, he was in the forefront of every political battle in Missouri—and nowhere on earth were political

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wars waged with more ungovernable fury—such were his endearing qualities that the closing years of his life were as placid as a summer evening, and he died amid the lamentations of a mighty people. Republicans seemed to remember only the good that he had done them, forgetting the injuries, while Democrats forgot the injuries that he had inflicted upon them and remembered only the invaluable service that he had rendered. Union veterans named a Grand Army post for him; Confederates proudly call their boys Frank Blair, and his fellow-citizens, without regard to creed or party, erected his statue of heroic size in Forest Park to perpetuate his fame to coming generations.

THE BORDER STATES DURING THE WAR.—Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman once said "War is hell!" Those who lived in the "border States" during our Civil War and who are old enough to remember the tragic events of that bloody but heroic epoch in our annals, will with one accord indorse his idea, if not his sulphurous language.

It was easy to be a Union man in Massachusetts. It was not profitable to be anything else. It was easy to be a Confederate in South Carolina. It was not safe to be anything else. But in Kentucky, Missouri, and the other border States it was perilous to be the one thing or the other. Indeed, it was dangerous to be neither and to sit on the fence.

I was a child when Sumter was fired on, living in Washington County, Kentucky. I remember an old fellow from

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whom the Union raiders took one horse and the Confederate raiders another. So when a third party of soldiers met him in the road and inquired whether he were a Union man or a rebel, being dubious as to their army affiliations, he answered diplomatically, "I am neither one nor the other, and very little of that," and thereby lost his third and last horse to Confederates disguised in blue uniforms.

The Kentuckians are a peculiar people—the most hospitable, the most emotional, the kindest-hearted under the sun; but they are born warriors. A genuine son of "the Dark and Bloody Ground" is in his normal condition only when fighting. It seems to me that somebody must have sown that rich land with dragon's teeth in the early days. To use a sentence indigenous to the soil, "A Kentuckian will fight at the drop of the hat and drop it himself." So the war was his golden opportunity. He went to death as to a festival. Nearly every able-bodied man in the State—and a great many not able-bodied—not only of military age but of any age, young enough or old enough to squeeze in, took up arms on one side or the other, and sometimes on both.

Neighbor against neighbor, father again son, brother against brother, slave against master, and frequently wife against husband; the fierce contention entered even into theology, and blotted out the friendships of a lifetime.

Men who were born and reared on adjoining farms, who had attended the same schools, played the same games, courted the same girls, danced in the same sets, belonged

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to the same lodges, and worshiped in the same churches, suddenly went gunning for one another as remorselessly as red Indians—only they had a clearer vision and a surer aim. From the mouth of the Big Sandy to the mouth of the Tennessee, there was not a square mile in which some awful act of violence did not take place.

Kentucky has always been celebrated for, and cursed by, its bloody feuds, feuds which cause the Italian vendetta to appear a holiday performance in comparison. Of course, the war was the evening-up time, and many a man became a violent Unionist because the ancient enemies of his house were Southern sympathizers, and vice versa. Some of them could have given pointers to Fra Diavolo himself.

As all the evil passions of men were aroused and all restraints of propriety as well as all fear of law were removed, every latent tendency toward crime was warmed into life. The land swarmed with cutthroats, robbers, thieves, firebugs, and malefactors of the helpless, who committed thousands of brutal and heinous crimes—in the name of the Union or of the Southern Confederacy.

I witnessed only one battle during the Civil War. A line in Gen. Basil W. Duke's entertaining book, "Morgan and His Men," is all that is vouchsafed to it in the literature of the war, but surely it was the most astounding martial caper ever cut since Nimrod invented the military art, and it fully illustrates the Kentuckian's inherent and ineradicable love of fighting.

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I saw seven home guards charge the whole of Morgan's cavalry—the very flower of Kentucky chivalry.

I was working as a farmhand for one John Call, who was the proud owner of several fine horses of the famous "copper-bottom" breed.

Morgan had, perhaps, as good an eye for a "saddler" as was ever set in human head, and during those troublous days his mind was sadly mixed on the *meum* and *tuum* when it came to equines—a remark applicable to many others beside Morgan, on both sides at that.

Call, hearing that Morgan was coming, and knowing his penchant for the noblest of quadrupeds, ordered me to mount "in hot haste" and "take the horses to the woods."

Just as I had climbed upon a magnificent chestnut sorrel, fit for a king's charger, and was rounding up the others, I looked up and in the level rays of the setting summer sun saw Morgan's cavalry in "all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," riding up the broad gravel road on the backbone of a long high ridge, half a mile to the south. Fascinated by the glittering array, boylike, I forgot Call and the peril of his horses, and watched the gay cavalcade.

Suddenly I saw seven horsemen emerge from the little village of Mackville, and ride furiously down the turnpike to within easy pistol range of the Confederates and open fire. I could hear the crack of the revolvers, and see the flash and smoke, and when Morgan's advance guard fell back on the main body, I observed that one riderless horse

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If that splendid feat of arms had been performed in New England by New Englanders, the world could scarcely contain the books which would have been written about it. It would have been chronicled in history and chanted in song as an inexhaustible theme.

If Frank Blair had never captured Camp Jackson—for it was Blair who conceived and carried out that great strategic movement, and not Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, of New England, as the Northern war books say—Missouri would have joined the Confederacy under the lead of Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson and Gen. Sterling Price, the famous soldier, and, with her vast resources to command, Lee's soldiers would not have been starved and frozen into a surrender.

If the government built monuments to soldiers in proportion to what they really accomplished for the Union cause, Frank Blair's would tower proudly among the loftiest. Camp Jackson is slurred over with an occasional paragraph in the history books, but it was the turning point in the war west of the Mississippi, and it was the work of Frank Blair, the Kentuckian, the Missourian, the slave-owner, the patrician, the leonine soldier, the patriotic statesman.

Some day a Tacitus, Sismondi, or Macaulay will write a truthful history of our Civil War—the bloodiest chapter in the book of time—and when it is written the Kentucky and Missouri heroes, both Union and Confederate, will be enrobed in immortal glory.

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It is said that figures will not lie, and there they are: To the Union armies Missouri contributed 109,111 soldiers; Kentucky, 75,760; Maryland, 46,638; Tennessee, 31,092; and West Virginia, 32,068—making a grand total of 298,669.

In Missouri the war was waged with unspeakable bitterness, sometimes with inhuman cruelty. It was fought by men in single combat, in squads, in companies, in regiments, in great armies; in the open, in fortified towns, and in ambush; under the Stars and Stripes, under the Stars and Bars, and under the black flag. The arch-fiend himself seems to have been on the field in person, inspiring, directing, commanding. Up in north Missouri Gen. John McNeil took twelve innocent men out and shot them in cold blood, because it was supposed that some bushwhacker had killed a Union man. That is known in local history as "the Palmyra massacre," and has damned John McNeil "to everlasting fame." It turned out afterward that the Union man was still alive, and so the twelve men had died in vain—even according to the hard rule of *lex talionis*.

At Centralia one day a Wabash train containing more than thirty Union soldiers was captured by Bill Anderson, a guerilla chief, who had sustained some grievous personal injury at the hands of the Unionists, and whose blood some subtle mental alchemy had converted into gall. He deliberately took them out and shot them every one, as if they had been so many wolves.

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Having completed that gory job, he marched out to a skirt of timber, about a mile from town, and camped at the foot of a long, gentle prairie slope. Shortly afterward a certain Colonel Johnson, with a body of Union cavalry, followed him and took position on the ridge of the prairie. The sight of them made Anderson wild with delight, and whetted his appetite for blood; so he mounted his eighty men—the most superb horsemen in the world, who, with bridle reins between their teeth and a navy revolver in each hand, rode up on Johnson's one hundred and sixty men, whom he had foolishly dismounted, and, firing to right and left, killed one hundred and forty-three of them, and would have killed the other seventeen if they could have been caught. Only one man was taken alive, and he was badly wounded, the legend in the neighborhood being that he saved himself by giving the Masonic sign of distress.

Such are samples of the Civil War in Missouri and Kentucky.

The survivors of those cruel days, Union and Confederate, are now living side by side, cultivating assiduously the arts of peace in the imperial commonwealth of Missouri—the most delectable place for human habitation beneath the stars.

A Pioneer Peacemaker.—Lately we have heard a vast deal of eloquence about a reunited country. Thirty-two years after Appomattox men are accounted orators, statesmen, and philanthropists, because they grandilo-

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quently declare that at last the time has arrived to bury the animosities of the Civil War in a grave upon whose headstone shall be inscribed, "No resurrection." I would not detract even in the estimation of a hair from the fame of these eleventh hour pacificators. I humbly and fervently thank Almighty God that the country is reunited.

When I look into the faces of my little children, my heart swells with ineffable pride to think that they are citizens of this great Republic, one and indivisible, which is destined not for a day, but for all time, and which will be the crowning glory and dominating influence of all the centuries yet to be. But if we applaud these *ex post facto* peacemakers, and shed tears of joy over their belated pathos, what shall be our meed of praise, the measure of our gratitude, the manifestation of our admiration, the expression of our love, for Frank Blair, the magnificent Missourian, the splendid American, who, with his military laurels fresh upon him, within a few days after Lee surrendered, returned to his State, which had been ravaged by fire and sword, holding aloft the olive-branch, proclaiming to the world that there were no rebels any more, that his fellow-citizens who had fought for the South were entitled to equal respect and equal rights with other citizens, and that real peace must "tinkle on the shepherd's bells and sing among the reapers" of Missouri? He took the ragged and defeated Confederates by the hand and, in the words of Abraham to Lot, said, "We be brethren."

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"The truly brave
"When they behold the brave oppressed with odds,
"Are touched with a desire to shield and save."

It seems to me that the very angels in heaven, looking down with approving eyes upon his magnificent conduct, must have sung, in full chorus, the song of nineteen hundred years ago, "On earth peace, good-will toward men."

King Solomon says: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: a time to kill, and a time to heal."

In the time for killing Frank Blair was one of the most persistent of fighters. When the time for healing came, he was one of the first to pour the balm of consolation into bruised hearts and to bind up the nation's wounds.

In the army he was one of the favorite lieutenants of Ulysses Simpson Grant, who, with knightly honor, resolutely and courageously kept his plighted faith to Lee, thereby preventing an aftermath of death at the very thought of which the world grows pale.

In the fierce and all-pervading light of history, which beats not upon thrones alone, but upon all high places as well, Blair will stand side by side with the invincible soldier who said "Let us have peace"—the noblest words that ever fell from martial lips.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S VETO OF THE WOOL SCHEDULE

(*August* 18, 1911)

The SPEAKER pro tempore [Mr. UNDERWOOD]: The

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kindly toward me personally as the Democrats do [applause]—it is a matter of infinite pride with me—the gentleman got this Tariff Board business wrong. The gentleman from Alabama [Mr. UNDERWOOD] and myself never advocated this Tariff Board. [Applause on the Democratic side.] We never voted for it, I will tell you what we did advocate and what we did vote for, and that is to make that board a board of real experts and then make it responsive to the House of Representatives in general and to the Ways and Means Committee in particular. [Applause on the Democratic side.] I am willing to do that now. I am not going to say anything derogatory of this Tariff Board, but I am going to say what I think, as I always do. The gentleman from New York [Mr. PAYNE] and the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. DALZELL] and all the rest of the Republican members of the Committee on Ways and Means who served on that committee in the Sixtieth and Sixty-first Congresses, when the Payne-Aldrich bill was framed and passed, and the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. CANNON], who, while he was not present when the first tariff bill was made in 1789, has been present at nearly all the rest of them [laughter]; and the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. UNDERWOOD], and the gentleman from Texas [Mr. RANDELL], and the gentleman from New York [Mr. HARRISON], and the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. BRANTLEY], who were also on the old Ways and Means Committee—any one of them knows more about the tariff to-day

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than that entire Tariff Board rolled together. [Applause on the Democratic side.] I name only the old members; but I will say that the new Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee were selected for their fitness for such work; and I desire to bear witness in this distinguished presence to the fact that no set of men ever worked harder, more persistently, or more painstakingly in the discharge of a duty than have the Democratic members of the committee in revising Schedule K and the cotton schedule. They all deserve well of the House and of the country. I am rather inclined to the opinion that my distinguished friend from Illinois [Mr. MANN] and myself know something about tariff bills, too. [Applause on the Democratic side.] He voted against the Payne tariff bill—bless his heart for doing it! [Applause on the Democratic side.] I yielded him twenty minutes time to make his speech, the best one he ever made in his life. [Applause on the Democratic side.]

The members of the Tariff Board are, no doubt, most excellent and learned gentlemen; but whatever else they may be, they are not tariff experts. To hear certain persons tell it, all Senators and Representatives in Congress are idiots, utterly ignorant of the tariff question, and should not be permitted to do anything touching the tariff except to register the decrees of the Tariff Board of non-experts. I throw out this gentle hint: If the Tariff Board is to be used as the President is using it in this case, to delay tariff revision instead of expediting it,

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it will have a short shrift, as certain as grass grows or water runs. The Tariff Board, if it continues to exist, should be made the servant and not the master of the Representatives of the people. Why do not the little Solomons, who go about asseverating that Congress is composed of a lot of ignoramuses on the tariff, come to Congress themselves and pass a model tariff bill? They do not come for the all-sufficient reason that they cannot get votes enough. The people declared last November that they desired tariff revision, and they will not be enamored of those who block that work.

The gentleman from Kansas [Mr. CAMPBELL] voted for this bill. What change has come o'er the spirit of his dream? Is it the sweet odor of the fleshpots of Egypt or not? [Applause on the Democratic side.] These gentlemen supporting the President's veto message have all said —every one of them who made a speech that I have heard—that this wool bill is unconsidered. The standpatters are unanimous on that proposition.

I do not propose to have that kind of a statement go unchallenged to the country, because it is absolutely untrue. What happened? We called a Democratic caucus of the Democratic members-elect of this House on the 19th day of January. The purpose of that proceeding was to select the Democratic members of the Committee on Ways and Means, that they might go to work preparing tariff bills. That was before anybody dreamed of this extra session. Some of the newspaper Republican brethren said

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it was my "crazy scheme," but it worked like a charm. We chose the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee, and they went to work and spent nearly three months preparing this wool bill. [Applause on the Democratic side.] I defy my distinguished friend from New York [Mr. PAYNE] to state that he and his committee ever spent three months on any one schedule in the tariff bill. [Applause on the Democratic side.]

Mr. PAYNE: I wish to say that we spent more than ten times as much time on this woolen schedule than you did.

Mr. CLARK, of Missouri: When was it? When did you spend it? I will give you a piece of history you seem to have forgotten. A tariff bill has fourteen schedules in it. You and I and the rest of your committee began considering the Payne bill with the fourteen schedules on the 11th day of November, and you reported that bill to this House, with the fourteen schedules, on the 18th day of March. [Applause on the Democratic side.]

Mr. PAYNE: I commenced the preparation of that bill more than a year before the committee met.

Mr. CLARK, of Missouri: And so did we, bless your soul. I have been preparing for the wool bill and other tariff for the last twenty years. [Applause on the Democratic side.]

Mr. PAYNE: But I want to ask the gentleman what that has to do with this mongrel thing that comes from the conference committee?

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Mr. CLARK, of Missouri: After the House considered this bill the Senate considered it. The gentlemen had to give up a good deal of his own bill two years ago, and sulked, and swore, and was peeved because he had to yield. That is the truth.

Mr. PAYNE: Well, he did not yield the whole thing.

Mr. CLARK, of Missouri: You yielded all you could.

Another thing, they say that we are playing politics. Whenever any man stands up and undertakes to do anything for the benefit of the great masses of people he is denounced by the "interests" as a demagogue and is charged with playing politics. But to stand up and advocate the cause of the "interests" is the highest evidence of statesmanship. As far as I am individually concerned, I sprang from the loins of the common people, God bless them, and I am one of them. I labored with my hands in my youth, and would do it again to-morrow if I had to do so; and I unhesitatingly take my stand with the consumers of the land as against the "interests."

The President desires to have tariff legislation postponed till his Tariff Board can tutor him up sufficiently to write a tariff bill, which when we consider his multifarious and onerous duties and his passion for long distance traveling and frequent speechmaking, we must perforce conclude would be a far-away day in the sweet by and by. We do not want the people to suffer that long.

The President made a famous speech at Winona, Minn. The only part of that speech which was any good [laugh-

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ter] was that part of it in which he said the wool schedule was too high and ought to be reduced. [Applause on the Democratic side.]

Here are his exact words on that celebrated occasion:

"With respect to the wool schedule, I agree that it is too high and that it ought to have been reduced, and that it probably represents considerably more than the difference between the cost of production abroad and the cost of production here. The difficulty about the woolen schedule is that there were two contending factions early in the history of Republican tariffs, to wit, woolgrowers and the woolen manufacturers, and that finally, many years ago, they settled on a basis by which wool in the grease should have 11 cents a pound, and by which allowance should be made for the shrinkage of the washed wool in the differential upon woolen manufactures. The percentage of duty was very heavy—quite beyond the difference in the cost of production, which was not then regarded as a necessary or proper limitation upon protective duties."

Those words sank deep into the minds of the American people. They made them the basis of hope for cheaper and warmer blankets and clothing. Now, so far as in him lies, the President dashes those fond hopes to the ground; but what's writ is writ, and those presidential words are part of the history of the Republic.

It is asked why we took the wool schedule first. I will tell you. We took it because the President said that it ought to be reduced [applause on the Democratic side],

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because we faced a hostile Senate and faced a hostile President. This bill is not what I would have written if I had had carte blanche; it is not what the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. UNDERWOOD] would have written; it is not what any of us would have written; but we undertook to get a bill that would have the best chance possible of passing the ordeal of the House, the ordeal of the Senate, and the ordeal of the White House. [Applause on the Democratic side.] I was certain that the President would sign the bill cutting down the wool tariff; we took him at his word. That is the head and front of our offending in putting the revision of the wool schedule first. I never did believe he would veto it until the last two or three days. Then, we took the cotton schedule next, because it, too, is a textile schedule. I am violating no secret in stating that so soon as the revised cotton schedule was through the House, the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee began industriously to prepare the iron and steel schedule revision, having previously collected a large assortment of information on that subject.

We welcome the issue. We are not afraid to go to the people on it. We know that we stand for right and truth and justice. [Applause on the Democratic side.] The gentleman from Illinois [Mr. MANN] quotes Æsop's Fables. Æsop was, perhaps, the greatest writer of fables that ever lived; but nobody ever rated him as an authority on economics till the gentleman from Illinois arose to-day. We have no desire to kill the goose that lays the golden

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eggs, as the gentleman seems to think. What we do desire is that a few shall not monopolize the golden eggs, but that they shall be distributed more equitably among the people of the land. The most important problem that good, wise, and patriotic men have to solve is a fair distribution of the profits of business; and blessed be the name of the man forever who achieves the solution which is just.

The *Globe-Democrat* said that I had come around to a tariff on wool because I had heard the bleating of 134,000 sheep in my district. I tell you what I did hear. I heard the cry of 93,000,000 American citizens for cheaper and better clothing. The great desire of my heart is to give them some relief from their burden of taxation which they have borne for lo! these many years. [Loud and prolonged applause on the Democratic side.]

EULOGY ON JOHN W. DANIEL

(*June* 24, 1911)

Mr. CLARK, of Missouri: Mr. Speaker, from the beginning Virginia has been rich in great men—great statesmen, great orators, great jurists, great soldiers. So long as the world exists the names of her illustrious sons will be among the noblest on fame's eternal beadroll.

Patrick Henry precipitated the Revolution; Thomas Jefferson penned the Declaration; George Washington

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made that Declaration good on Yorktown's blood-stained heights; James Madison was "father of the Constitution"; and John Marshall its chief expounder. Her bill of rights, written by George Mason, has been considered a model for more than a century and a quarter. These were followed by a long line of men, distinguished in peace and in war, whose records are among the precious treasures of the Republic.

John Warwick Daniel ranks high among Virginia's worthies. So far as the public is concerned, he appeared in a fourfold character—soldier, lawyer, author, orator. The universal testimony of his companions in arms is that he was a fine soldier. His brethren of the Virginia bar bear witness that he was a successful practitioner of the noblest of professions. Lawyers and courts everywhere cite his law books as standard authorities. All the world knows that he was one of the foremost orators of his time, and it is his oratory more than anything else which will perpetuate his fame to coming generations. He was richly blessed with the divine gift of moving men's minds and hearts by the power of spoken words. He was lavishly endowed by nature with the elements and qualities which constitute an orator. Some men are so ugly and ungainly that it is a positive advantage to them as public speakers by reason of the pleasurable surprise which their eloquence creates. Others are so handsome and prepossessing that they win the hearts of their audience before they have opened their lips. To the latter category John Warwick

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Daniel undoubtedly belonged. Of commanding presence, with a handsome and leonine countenance, courtly manners, a musical voice of great compass and far-reaching quality, a strong and well-trained mind, a warm and generous heart, a vivid imagination, he presented a superb picture to the eye and appealed with compelling force to the passions and emotions of all who heard him. He possessed the advantages of high family connections and of a collegiate education, to which was added the glamour of martial fame, achieved in his early manhood on many a bloody field. An Englishman dearly loves a lord and the average American dearly loves a soldier, and it can not be doubted that Senator Daniel's military record aided him materially in his political battles. This is attested by the fact that Virginians fondly called him "the Lame Lion of Lynchburg"—most assuredly a helpful and fortunate sobriquet. For a generation he was the idol of his native State, and it was agreed by common consent that he should remain in the Senate so long as he lived, which he did. His reelection every six years was a mere formality to comply with the Constitution and the statutes of the land.

Virginia's great lyric orator, Patrick Henry, was dubbed "The forest-born Demosthenes." John Warwick Daniel may be not inaptly denominated Virginia's Cicero. Henry's fame rests almost entirely on tradition; but Daniel's is bottomed on the words which he actually spoke. The greatest of his orations is that on Gen. Robert E. Lee,

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which would have aroused envy in the bosom of Tully himself. Daniel's masterful oration recalls and illustrates what Daniel Webster said of eloquence in his oration on John Adams and Thomas Jefferson:

"It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they can not reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force."

Webster was a great orator; he had a great subject on a great occasion, and he delivered a great oration. Daniel was a great orator; he had a great subject on a great occasion, and he delivered a great oration—one which will be read with delight so long as our language is spoken by the children of men.

There was once a man named Hamilton, in the British Parliament, who delivered one splendid speech and could never be induced to make another speech. Hence he was nicknamed "Single-Speech" Hamilton. Such was not the case with Senator Daniel. He delivered many excellent speeches, several fine orations, but I give it as my literary opinion, for what it is worth, that his oration over Lee is the one by which he will be remembered, and by which he would choose to be remembered.

His theme was his old commander, one of the greatest of English speaking captains; the occasion was the unveiling of the recumbent statue of that famous soldier,

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one of the most beautiful statues ever fashioned by sculptor's chisel; the scene, Lexington, Va., gem of the mountains, one of the loveliest spots betwixt the two seas, where Stonewall Jackson taught and prayed, and whence he went forth to win world-wide and imperishable renown. Daniel's heart was in that oration. In it he will live; through it he will speak to his countrymen forever.

JOHN JAMES INGALLS

(Saturday, January 21, 1905)

MR. CLARK: Mr. Speaker, in the very heart of the continent, lying side by side, are the magnificent Commonwealths of Missouri and Kansas. Neither northern nor southern, neither eastern nor western, they are the great central States of the Union. A circle with Kansas City for its center and with a radius of 300 miles would contain more land of the richest quality than any other circle of equal size on the habitable globe. Within its circumference can be produced all the necessaries and most of the luxuries of human life. Cultivated as scientifically as Belgium or Holland, Missouri and Kansas could sustain a population equal to that of the entire Republic at the present time.

It is, however, not in their phenomenal wealth of material resources and possibilities that these two States are most lavishly blessed, but in their superb citizenship.

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Both had classical educations, Ingalls being an alumnus of Williams College, Massachusetts, and Vest of Center College, Kentucky—two famous seats of learning. Both delighted in the wisdom of the ancients and the moderns and both reveled in the poets.

Ingalls was a judge-advocate of Kansas militia for a short while; Vest served on Price's staff a few days.

Ingalls's speeches were composed largely of aqua fortis, dynamite, and Greek fire; Vest's were a mixture of vitriol, sweet oil, rosewater, naphtha, and gun cotton.

Danton's motto was: "L'audace! L'audace! Toujours l'audace!" Ingalls's weapon was "Sarcasm! Sarcasm! Always sarcasm!" In that regard he ranks with Tristam Burges, John Randolph of Roanoke, Thaddeus Stevens, and Thomas Brackett Reed. Vest tempered his sarcasm with genial humor which cured the wound which he had inflicted.

Ingalls possessed the most copious and most gorgeous vocabulary of his day, more copious and more gorgeous, indeed, than that of any other American orator except Henry A. Wise; and was the most painstaking precisian in the use of our vernacular who has appeared in our Congressional life. He burnished his sentences till they glittered as a gem. He was well qualified to write an unabridged dictionary or a book on synonyms. Clearly he thought with Holland that:

"The temple of art is built of words. Painting and sculpture and music are but the blazon of its windows, bor-

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rowing all their significance from the light, and suggestive only of the temple's uses."

Vest's diction was rich, but the construction of his sentences lacked evidence of the severe and repeated polishings to which the caustic Kansan subjected his. If he used as much art, he employed the rarer art of concealing its use.

Each wielded the scimitar of Saladin rather than the two-handed broadsword of Richard Coeur de Lion.

Ingalls was tall, slender, and erect as a grenadier; Vest was short, rotund, and walked with the proverbial student's stoop.

Ingalls neglected none of the accessories of public speech. He looked well to the stage settings. He was a connoisseur in costumes. Neither Roscoe Conkling nor Solomon in all his glory was more splendidly arrayed. He followed in letter and in spirit the advice of Polonius to Laertes:

> "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> "But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
> "For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

Vest enjoyed the comforts of good raiment, but cared nothing for the adornments.

In the strictest acceptation of the term, Vest was never popular in Missouri, and Ingalls was never popular in Kansas. They had a wondrous hold on the admiration but not on the affections of their constituents. Thinking of Vest, a man is proud to call himself a Missourian.

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Thinking of Ingalls, another is proud to call himself a Kansan. Thinking of either of them, one is proud to call himself an American.

Each through sheer brilliancy of intellect and soul-stirring eloquence aroused intensest enthusiasm among his countrymen. Men listened to Vest and Ingalls just as they listen to the thrilling strains of entrancing music, but the frenzy of rapture which they engendered is not adequately expressed by the paltry word "popularity." It was delirious delight!

When either addressed the multitude, he so warmed their hearts that—

> "They threw their caps
> "As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
> "Shouting their exultation."

It is a queer fact—perhaps a regrettable one—that these two celebrated intellectual gladiators never engaged in an oratorical pitched battle in the Senate. Such a duel would have been worth journeying across the continent to witness. Each being in perfect fettle, with a subject of sufficient historic importance, a contest betwixt them ought to have rivaled the Webster-Hayne debate in enduring interest.

Kansans are paying their highest meed of praise to Ingalls by placing his effigy, carved by a cunning hand from Parian marble, in Statuary Hall, the great American Valhalla, where our choicest worthies do congregate for posterity. Missouri would do the same for Vest but for

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the fact that her quota in that illustrious company was filled while he still tabernacled in the flesh.

Ingalls preceded Vest to the grave, and in the *Saturday Evening Post* the brilliant Missourian said, inter alia, touching the brilliant Kansan:

"Of all the public men with whom I have served John James Ingalls, of Kansas, was the most original and eccentric. He was a living enigma, and I could never fully understand his motives and the many-sided phases of his character. He had a strong, daring intellect, which defied all limitations, and was an eloquent, attractive speaker, with a wealth of imagination and diction which was inexhaustible. He was at times cynical and morose, but was a great word painter and could express the most elevated thoughts in language so beautiful as to fascinate his hearers. Above all, he was an iconoclast, and nothing delighted him so much as to startle and even shock the staid and dignified Senate by the utterance of opinion utterly at variance with the settled belief of many centuries.

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"I do not believe that Ingalls was malicious or bad hearted. He was an expert in denunciation and could not resist the temptation of exhibiting his wonderful capability in that regard to the world. He loved poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and the beautiful in nature. His prose poem on Grass, published in a Kansas magazine before he came to the United States Senate, is a marvel in literature, and I am glad to know that a

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sentence from that essay is to be inscribed on the granite bowlder which marks his grave. The sentence is the one in which he eulogizes the blue grass sward, beneath which he sleeps, as a 'carpet for the infant and a blanket for the dead.'

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"Senator Ingalls was a master of satire and invective, being unable to resist the temptation to attack any of his colleagues, even those of his own party, whose record or character presented a vulnerable point for assault. On one occasion, when President pro tempore of the Senate, he called another Senator to the chair, and going down on the floor, made a vicious personal attack upon Senator Brown, of Georgia, one of the most amiable and courteous members of the Senate. The venerable Georgian was sitting quietly looking over a committee report when a cyclone of satire and vituperation burst upon him without the slightest notice of its coming. The look of astonishment on the amiable countenance of the victim, as verbs, nouns, pronouns, adjectives, and epithets filled the air, caused a ripple of amusement through the Senate; but the climax was reached when Ingalls alluded to a habit Senator Brown had when speaking of gently rubbing one hand over the other, by quoting Hood's lines:

'And then, in the fullness of joy and hope,
'Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap
'In imperceptible water.'

"At this critical moment Senator Brown looked down at

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the offending members as if inquiring why they had brought on the volcanic eruption which was blazing about him."

The late Senator George Frisbie Hoar, in his autobiography, says:

"John James Ingalls was in many respects one of the brightest intellects I ever knew. He was graduated at Williams in 1855. One of the few things, I don't know but I might say the only thing, for which he seemed to have any reverence was the character of Mark Hopkins. He was a very conspicuous figure in the debates in the Senate. He had an excellent English style, always impressive, often on fit occasions rising to great stateliness and beauty. He was for a while President pro tempore of the Senate, and was the best presiding officer I have ever known there for conducting ordinary business. He maintained in the chair always his stately dignity of bearing and speech. The formal phrases with which he declared the action of the Senate or stated questions for its decision seemed to be a fitting part of some stately ceremonial. He did not care much about the principles of parliamentary law, and had never been a very thorough student of the rules. So his decisions did not have the same authority as those of Mr. Wheeler or Mr. Edmunds or Mr. Hamilton.

"I said to him one day: 'I think you are the best presiding officer I ever knew, but I do not think you know much

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about parliamentary law.' To which he replied: 'I think the sting is bigger than the bee.'

"He never lost an opportunity to indulge his gift of caustic wit, no matter at whose expense."

Mr. Eugene W. Newman, who writes much and felicitously under the nom de plume of "Savoyard," characterizes Ingalls as "the wizard of the English tongue," and says of him:

"John James Ingalls was an extraordinary man. By no means the ablest, he was perhaps the most brilliant Senator in Congress conspicuous for exceptionally brilliant men. He was born in New England, of Puritan, not Pilgrim, parentage; of the Endicott, not the Carver, exodus; of the Salem, not the Plymouth régime. In a sort of mirage of tradition the family is traced back to the Scandinavian kings and peoples who grafted Dane and Norman on Briton and Saxon. The name is in Domesday Book. President Garfield and Chief Justice Chase had like origin; indeed, the same origin.

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"Ingalls rose to be one of the chief figures in American politics and success came at his command. He never courted it. He was a poet, and never so lonesome as when in a crowd. Lamar was another of that order of man. Ingalls was not 'a man of the people,' emphatically not, and could not successfully employ the arts of the vulgar demagogue. He could just as easily have uplifted the club of Hercules or stricken with the hammer of Thor.

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Honors came to him grudgingly and churlishly, and solely because he was the first intellect and the one genius in the Kansas that knew Dudley C. Haskell and Preston B. Plumb."

These three—Vest, Hoar, and Newman—are competent and distinguished witnesses. Perhaps the average opinion of their evidence would properly and truly portray John James Ingalls. As Dryden described Halifax so may Ingalls be described:

"Of piercing wit and pregnant thought.
"Endued by nature and by learning taught
"To move assemblies."

Mr. Speaker, Kansas acts wisely in honoring John James Ingalls, for in honoring him she also honors herself. [Loud applause.]

George Frisbie Hoar

(Sunday, February 12, 1905)

Mr. Clark: Mr. Speaker, that Senator George Frisbie Hoar will hold a high place and fill a large space in the annals of his time goes without saying. Of Revolutionary stock, a descendant of Roger Sherman, he was American to his heart's core, and he devoted his life to the service of the Republic, which rewarded him with her affection, her confidence, and her admiration. His lines were cast in pleasant places and in a history-making epoch. Though sometimes he was viciously assailed, at others he ran the risk of having applied to him the Scriptural injunction,

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"Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you," and at last, having almost reached the Psalmist's extreme allotment of fourscore years, he had that —

> "Which should accompany old age,
> "As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Pleasant as it would be to me to enter into the details of his life, character, and labor, that delightful task must be left to others closer to him and more familiar with those facts which constitute the essentials of biography; but the invitation to speak here and now has suggested to my mind a few thoughts which may or may not be of interest to those who hear and read what is uttered on this occasion.

Job exclaimed: "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!" From that day to this when a man has taken his pen in hand to write a book it has been assumed that he also took his reputation, if not his life, in his hand; but the fact that what the man of Uz considered an extra-hazardous performance is not necessarily fatal to the performer is demonstrated by the event of the November election, when Col. Theodore Roosevelt, who has written many books, in which he expressed his opinions of persons and things with startling freedom, not to say abandon, was chosen President of this puissant Republic by an overwhelming majority. This seems to signify that the American people admire candid and courageous speaking—even in a book.

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However that may be, I rejoice and hail it as a healthy sign of the times that our public men are more and more growing into the habit of writing, in the evening of their lives, books of a more or less reminiscent nature, recording from their standpoint their views of the transactions which they witnessed and part of which they were. What they say in that regard may be taken and accepted as part of the res gestæ.

Cæsar owes as much of his fame to his Commentaries as to his victories. The fruits of his conquests have long since perished. The mighty empire which he founded has crumbled into dust. Happily for mankind, the system of government for which his name has become the synonym is in process of ultimate extinction; but by his Commentaries he has helped to form the minds of the youths of every civilized country under heaven through twenty centuries of man's most interesting history and most stupendous endeavor. So long as education is valued Cæsar will exercise imperial sway over the human mind, not by the power of his invincible sword, which is rust, but by his cunning with the pen. Fighting was the serious business of his life. The preparation of his Commentaries was merely a mental recreation in his tent at eventide, amid the clatter of camps and the clangor of arms. Had he been catechised as to his deeds on which would be builded the towering fabric of his fame, he most probably would not have enumerated his Commentaries as even the smallest and humblest of them, but they constitute his

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clearest, strongest, and most enduring title to the favorable consideration of mankind.

Napoleon, the most astounding son of Mars, with clearer vision and a wiser judgment as to the relative value of human achievements, proudly declared that he would descend to posterity with his Code in his hand, a prophecy which has been amply verified. The crimson glories of Montenotte, Lodi, Arcola, Marengo, the Pyramids, Austerlitz, Ulm, Jena, and Wagram were dimmed by Leipzig, Waterloo, and the dismal journey to St. Helena; the thrones which he ravished from hostile kings and bestowed upon his brothers, sisters, and stable boys passed again to his royal enemies whom he had despoiled; the imperial crown, bought with so much blood and so much crime for his son, never encircled the brow of that pathetic child of misfortune; but the laws created by the fiat of the Corsican Colossus influence and bless the lives of 75,000,000 people because they were grounded in justice and in wisdom. His career illustrates and enforces the truth contained in Bulwer-Lytton's famous lines:

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great
"The pen is mightier than the sword."

Others have marched as strenuously and fought as bravely as Xenophon and his ten thousand, only to vanish into oblivion; but he and his band are among the immortals because he wrote the Anabasis, which has delighted and instructed millions of ambitious boys and which will de-

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light and instruct succeeding millions till the earth shall perish with fervent heat.

The triumphal expedition of Gen. Alexander W. Doniphan and his heroic Missourians into the heart of Mexico by way of Santa Fé, traversing a vast wilderness full of hostile savages; subsisting on the enemy's country; winning numerous victories over the very flower of the descendants of the knights of Castile and Aragon; never losing a gun, a flag, a prisoner, or a skirmish, though frequently engaging ten times their own number; never drawing from the Government a dollar, a ration, a piece of clothing, or an ounce of ammunition from the moment they left Fort Leavenworth, Kans., till ragged, starving, but invincible, they reported to Gen. Zachary Taylor on the red field of Monterey, having added an empire to the Union, is the most astounding martial achievement in the entire history of the human race. In difficulty, in courage, in fortitude, in glory, in results it eclipses utterly the far-famed retreat which Xenophon has embalmed in immortal prose.

Every schoolboy knows by heart the fascinating story of the Greeks; but few remember the more wonderful performance of the Missourians. Mirabile dictu! The glorious name of Doniphan, the conqueror of New Mexico, Arizona, and Chihuahua does not even appear in some of our most ambitious encyclopedias. The reason is that General Doniphan, of Missouri, did not emulate the laudable example of General Xenophon, of Greece, by writing

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a history of his own campaign; consequently he and the brave Missourians who followed his all-conquering banner are to dumb forgetfulness a prey. "'Tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true." While I am not general counsel for the star actors in the world's drama, I make bold to suggest to them that if they desire a square deal in history they would do well to imitate Cæsar and Xenophon and write the histories themselves.

Who cares a straw what Joseph Addison did or did not do as Secretary of State? But who that has a love of learning in his heart would be willing to see the last copy of "The Tattler" and "The Spectator" committed to the flames?

John Milton wrought much and successfully in the case of human liberty, but "Paradise Lost" is his crowning glory.

Lord Macaulay, the statesman, the lawgiver, the office-holder, would have been forgotten years ago, but so long as our vernacular—the most elastic and virile ever spoken by the children of men—is used, the history, the poems, and, above all, the essays of Thomas Babington Macaulay will inspire the human mind and thrill the human heart.

Every scholar that has lived during three centuries has regretted that Lord Bacon was ever high chancellor of England, an office which he disgraced, and in disgracing which he also disgraced the noble profession of the law; but every scholar—aye, every lover of our kind—

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in all that long lapse of years has thanked Almighty God that Francis Bacon wrote the "Novum Organum" and "De Augmentis," by which, turning the human mind to utilitarianism, he contributed more to human comfort than was ever contributed by any other of the multitudinous sons of Adam.

The imperial house of Austria has long been a great factor in European affairs. Henry Fielding, the English novelist, was related to it by ties of blood: and Gibbon, the historian of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," declares that Fielding, by writing "Tom Jones," shed more luster upon our race than all the Hapsburgers that ever lived.

Of what interest to us are the achievements of Bulwer père in the rôle of statesman, or of Bulwer fils as governor general of India? But till the end of time men will read with interest and women with tears "Eugene Aram" and "Lucile."

Thomas Brackett Reed, that masterful man whose memory we all cherish with infinite pride, was one of the great Speakers of this House, and accomplished a tremendous revolution in parliamentary procedure; but his fame is already a fading tradition. What would not the world give for a book from his trenchant pen expressing his honest opinions as to the men and measures with which he was associated? It would be a fit companion piece for "Gulliver" and "The Letters of Junius."

Senator Chauncey Mitchell Depew ranks high in the

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Senate; but the best service he could render his kind would be to devote his days and nights to writing a book of reminiscences. Many New Yorkers would make creditable Senators; but no other living man could write a book of such intense and abiding interest as could Senator Depew.

There has been much sneering at "the scholar in politics." That manifestation of bad temper and jealousy is easy and cheap. On a memorable occasion an eminent practical Pennsylvanian politician referred to an illustrious citizen of Boston who had been named for a high diplomatic post as "one of them literary fellows," with a profane adjective which the proprieties forbid me to repeat in this distinguished presence on this historic occasion. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Col. Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri, by writing his "Thirty Years' View" did more to make himself a great, an indispensable historic figure than he accomplished by his arduous service of six full Roman lustrums in the Senate and of one term in the House. As long as government exists on this continent he will be regarded as a standard authority on all matters pertaining to Congressional legislation. By writing his "Twenty Years of Congress," James Gillespie Blaine made a most valuable contribution to our political literature and achieved for himself a more permanent renown than if the supreme ambition of his heart had been gratified by an election to the Presidency.

Samuel Sullivan Cox, one of the most brilliant of mortals, a Representative in Congress for many years

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from both Ohio and New York, as well as minister to the Sublime Porte, and the first man that every delivered a speech in this Hall, may fade from public memory as a statesman, but "The Buckeye Abroad," "Why We Laugh," and "The Three Decades of Federal Legislation" will be perused with pleasure by millions yet unborn.

For thirty-odd years, in House and Senate, George Frisbie Hoar was one of the most conspicuous legislators and orators of the times in which he lived. No great statute was placed upon the books which he did not have a hand in shaping. No important question arose which he did not discuss; but long after all that he did and said in this Chamber and the other has passed from the minds of men his "Autobiography of Seventy Years" will challenge the admiration of his countrymen. His noblest mental offspring was the last.

His book has been criticised on two grounds—as being too egotistical and as assigning to New Englanders in general, and Massachusetts men in particular, too high rank. At first blush I deemed both criticisms well taken, but upon mature reflection I concluded that neither is tenable. An autobiography, whether written by a Harvard man or by a Davy Crockett, is in the very nature of things egotistical, for the ego is the very essence of the theme. What might be offensive or preposterous in private conversation or in public speech may be appropriate and even pleasing in autobiographical writing.

When he came to the graceful task of assigning the

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status of New Englanders and Bay State men he evidently took to heart the precept of St. Paul:

"But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

Even if it be conceded that he did overpraise the men of New England and Massachusets—

"His failings leaned to virtue's side."

For undue friendliness to one's kindred and neighbors is greatly preferable to jealousy of them, and bears testimony of a nobler soul.

Indeed, he had much cause to be lavish of panegyric in speaking of the men of Massachusetts. Merely to walk the streets of Boston and read the inscriptions on her monuments, her statues, and her buildings is a liberal education in patriotism. Should an inhabitant of another planet, versed in both Latin and English, descend upon that city, without any prior knowledge of our history, he would naturally conclude that Massachusetts, single-handed and alone, originated and achieved the Revolution, created the Republic, and has sustained and governed it from the first. If he should read Massachusetts books, which constitute a great multitude which no man can number, he would be confirmed in this erroneous impression. No complaint can reasonably be made of Massachusetts nor of Senator Hoar for unduly exalting the horn of Massachusetts men. What I do complain of is that the people of the South and West have not pursued the same

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plan with their own worthies, and have permitted them to be killed off by the inexorable rule of exclusion. Their pioneer statesmen, warriors, orators, and State builders were content to do things, great and glorious things, but were careless of what record was made of their achievements. The incorrigible New England habit of book-making accounts for the fact that her influence in America is large out of all proportion to her area, population, or achievements. Her writers would be destitute of human nature if they were not biased—unconsciously, perhaps, but biased nevertheless—in favor of New England men, New England women, New England performance, New England scenery, New England opinion, and even of New England climate. Of course the ground already lost by the South and West in this regard can never be recovered; but surely it is high time to go resolutely, systematically, and extensively into the book-making business themselves. This much they owe to their ancestors, to themselves, to their posterity, to history, to truth, and to patriotism.

Thousands of statesmen, orators, soldiers, and lawyers have lived and been forgotten; but it may be safely stated that since Guttenberg invented movable type no man has written a really great book who is not still remembered by intelligent persons.

Macaulay says:

"One of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of Bacon's mind is the order in which its powers expanded themselves. With him the fruit came first and remained

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to the last. The blossoms did not appear till late. In general, the development of the fancy is to the development of the judgment what the growth of a girl is to the growth of a boy. The fancy attains at an earlier period to the perfection of its beauty, its power, and its fruitfulness, and, as it is first to ripen, it is also the first to fade. It has generally lost something of its bloom and freshness before the sterner faculties have reached maturity, and is commonly withered and barren while those faculties still retain all their energy. It rarely happens that the fancy and the judgment grow together. It happens still more rarely that the judgment grows faster than the fancy. This seems, however, to have been the case with Bacon. His boyhood and youth appear to have been singularly sedate. His gigantic scheme of philosophical reform is said by some writers to have been planned before he was fifteen, and was undoubtedly planned while he was still young. He observed as vigilantly, meditated as deeply, and judged as temperately when he gave his first work to the world as at the close of his long career. But in eloquence, in sweetness, and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration, his later writings are far superior to those of his youth."

These words may be applied almost literally to Senator Hoar. From the day he delivered his great Philippic against Mr. Secretary Belknap to the hour of his death he spoke as frequently perhaps as any other man in public life, and every word that fell from his lips was read with

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eagerness by the intelligence of America. His style constantly grew richer, more imaginative, and more ornate, until some of his later speeches partook largely of the nature of epic poems. The peculiar order of growth which Macaulay notes in Bacon's mind, and which I have just stated to be true with reference to Senator Hoar's, is also true, though in a lesser degree, of the intellects of Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, and William McKinley. The feature in which their minds and styles seem to have changed most markedly in their advanced years was that of humor. Prior to their induction into the Presidential office it would be difficult to discover even a trace of humor in their writings or their speeches; but after quitting the White House both Mr. Cleveland and General Harrison developed a rich vein of humor. On his trip to California President McKinley lightened up his speeches with genial humor, which was a grateful surprise to his countrymen. Even on his death-bed he uttered one delicious mote at the expense of his physicians. I hold it truth that this development of humor in these three illustrious citizens of the Republic was so much clear gain to all our people.

It may possibly be—who knows?—that these men were dowered with the humorous faculty at birth, but the occupations of their lives had been so serious and so pressing that they never had leisure nor inclination to indulge its exercise.

It is a matter of congratulation that they did develop

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that faculty, for I believe in Carlyle's dictum that "Humor has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius."

The career of Senator Hoar suggests still another thought—that all the world, including Massachusetts, is growing more liberal and more tolerant. As a matter of fact, Massachusetts has always been liberal and tolerant above the average in the range of opinion permitted to her public men. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Boston shut the doors of Faneuil Hall in the face of Daniel Webster, the greatest New Englander who ever saw the light of day, the greatest orator who ever spoke the English tongue, and that the legislature of Massachusetts passed resolutions of censure upon Charles Sumner, because they had run counter to the public sentiment of their constituencies. But Senator Hoar's was a happier fate, for, notwithstanding the fact that he ran counter to her public sentiment more frequently and more violently than either Sumner or the godlike Daniel, Massachusetts re-elected him in his extreme old age to a fifth full term in the Senate of the United States. With her increasing generosity the Old Bay State would probably have kept him in the Senate a half century had he lived so long. This wiser liberality was not only an honor to Massachusetts and a gratification to Senator Hoar, but is an added glory to the Republic and to the human race.

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SPEECH AT JEFFERSON DAY BANQUET

(Louisville, Kentucky, Saturday, April 6, 1912)

Mr. CLARK said: In the preface to his wonderful Life of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, Voltaire speaks of certain Emperors, Kings, Princes, potentates, warriors, and statesmen as "rising above the vulgar level of the great." That was one of the most suggestive phrases ever coined in the teeming brain of its brilliant author. It sticks to the memory like a burr, and tells us with an emphasis never to be forgotten that many men considered great by their worshipful contemporaries were only make-believe great men, pseudo Goliaths, who were the happy beneficiaries of an optical delusion common to the people of their day, but that time, the acid test of reputations, reduces them to their proper stature, assigning most of them to oblivion. The truly great, whose fame and deeds, surviving the revolutions and evolutions of the centuries, are enshrined in the minds and hearts of men, are like "angels' visits, few and far between."

Thomas Jefferson, the anniversary of whose birth we celebrate, wrote his name in indelible letters high up on the scanty list of the immortals. He was the profoundest philosopher that ever devoted his life to politics, the greatest statesman that ever lived, bar none, the foremost and tallest among the torch-bearers and path-blazers of human liberty. The high place assigned to him by his contemporaries has been confirmed to him by the well-nigh unani-

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mous voice of posterity and his vast reputation constantly grows vaster as the years steal into centuries.

SECOND TO WASHINGTON ONLY.—In all our history his reputation is topped by that of only one other, George Washington, who added to the renown of a statesman the glory of a successful soldier and who earned more thoroughly and wore more becomingly the proud title of Pater Patriae than did Marcus Tullius Cicero. We scarcely do justice to Washington even yet. He rendered more important service to his country and to human liberty as President of the Constitutional Convention than as either Commander-in-Chief of our armies or as President of the United States, for it is almost certain that, but for his all-pervading influence in the convention, no Constitution would have been agreed upon, and but for the absolute certainty that he would be the first President the Constitution would never have been ratified.

Byron's splendid picture of Washington is not overdrawn:

"Where may the wearied eye repose
  "When gazing on the Great;
"Where neither guilty glory glows,
  "Nor despicable state?
"Yes—One—the first—the last—the best—
"The Cincinnatus of the West,
  "Whom Envy dared not hate,
"Bequeathed the name of Washington,
"To make man blush there was but one."

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AS HE SAW HIMSELF.—When Jefferson came to die he did the unusual thing of writing his own epitaph. Passing

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over the fact that he had been a member of the Virginia Burgesses, member of the Continental Congress, Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President and President, he set forth the three achievements which he deemed his clearest titles to the love and admiration of his fellowmen in these words: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." Those were great and glorious deeds for which we owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude, but even the wisest men sometimes build more wisely than they know, and through the strangest literary omission in all history, he failed to mention the most stupendous and beneficent of all his achievements, the "Louisiana Purchase." That is the capstone on the towering fabric of his fame.

When the Corsican Colossus released all claim to that rich empire on the 30th day of April, 1803, we became instanter and ipso facto a world power. If Jefferson's keen blue eye had never looked forth upon this glorious world somebody would have written a Declaration of American Independence, for that was a thing inevitable. It would not have possessed the majestic sweep of Jefferson's. No other state paper ever did. But it would have sufficed. If he had never been born somebody would have penned Virginia's statute of religious freedom and somebody would have founded a university in Virginia; but if Thomas Jefferson had not defeated John Adams

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in 1800 we never would have owned one square foot of land west of the Great river, for, while Napoleon was supreme upon the land, England was Mistress of the Sea, and she would have stripped him of his trans-Mississippi possessions. Hemmed in as we would have been by Great Britain on the north and west and Spain on the south, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for us to maintain our independence and to preserve our autonomy.

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DOUBLY DEAR TO TRANS-MISSISSIPPIANS.—So that, while Jefferson's memory is precious to all Americans, it is doubly precious to those of us who dwell on the sunset side of the Father of Waters. He enabled us to be Americans and to live where we now live. It is a great thing to be a Kentuckian. It is a great thing to be a Missourian, but the greatest thing is to be an American. Every time they think of him millions of people beyond the Mississippi bless the name of Thomas Jefferson:

"His spirit wraps the dusky mountain,
"His memory sparkles o'er the fountain;
"The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
"Rolls mingling with his fame forever."

There are a cloud of witnesses to the greatness of Thomas Jefferson. I shall quote only two. Senator George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts, was a Republican all his days, and yet he began a remarkable speech on the great Virginian in this wise:

"If we want a sure proof of Thomas Jefferson's greatness it will be found in the fact that men of every va-

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riety of political opinion, however far asunder, find confirmation of their doctrine in him. Every party in this country to-day reckons Jefferson as its patron saint."

In the same line, Abraham Lincoln declared in one of his great speeches that he never had a political idea in his life which he had not learned from the Declaration of Independence.

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SENATOR HOAR'S TRIBUTE.—Again, Senator Hoar says: "The mighty figure of Thomas Jefferson comes down in history with the Declaration of Independence in one hand and the title deed of Louisiana in the other. He acquired for his country a territory of 1,171,931 square miles, now fifteen States, to be hereafter the seat and center of empire certainly of this continent and, as we confidently believe, of the world. Yet I believe in the estimate of mankind that achievement is insignificant compared with the other.

"The author of the Declaration of Independence stands in human history as the foremost man who ever lived, whose influence has led men to govern themselves in the conduct of States by spiritual laws. That was Jefferson's mission—to teach spiritual laws. Observe that I say spiritual laws, not spiritual truths merely, not formulae to be assented to, but rules of life to be governed by and acted upon.

"It was due to Jefferson that our fathers laid deep the foundations of the State in the moral law. They first set

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to mankind the great example and exhibited the mighty spectacle—the sublimest spectacle in the universe—of a great and free people voluntarily governing itself by a law higher than its own desire.

"Political freedom, religious freedom, and the education that makes these possible and safe were the ends for which he strove, the monuments by which he desired to be remembered. Neither power, nor honor, nor office, nor popularity, nor fame entered into the mighty heart or stirred that mighty soul.

"I remember in my youth that a brilliant writer undertook with some success to caricature Daniel Webster, although it was a rather audacious attempt. He represents Mr. Webster as saying: 'The common opinion in the Eastern Hemisphere is so and so—I differ from this Eastern Hemisphere.' That was not so unreasonable a thing for Daniel Webster to say. But if Thomas Jefferson had said it, it would occur to no man that it was either extravagant or presumptuous. Thomas Jefferson was one of those men who can differ from hemispheres, from generations, from administrations, and from centuries with the perfect assurance that on any question of liberty and righteousness, if the opinion of Thomas Jefferson stand on one side and the opinion of mankind on the other, the world will, in the end, come around to his way of thinking."

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Wonderful Versatility.—Its versatility was one of the most striking features of Thomas Jefferson's exquisite

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mind, which was both telescopic and microscopic in its range and operations. Shakespeare has been denominated "the Myriad-Minded." That description may be applied to Jefferson without exaggeration or bad taste.

Lord Bacon declared that he took all knowledge for his province, which Jefferson appears to have done also, although he never so stated or intimated. His bent was [illegible] philosophy, and the Agricultural Society of the S[illegible] awarded him a gold medal for inventing a plow with [illegible] board of least resistance.

Sir Isaac Newton is much and justly lauded by historians for [illegible] a plan for milling the edge of coins; but Jefferson accomplished so many things of importance in so many fields of human endeavor that little mention is made of [illegible] he invented our system of coinage, weights and measures based on the decimal notation—a boon conferring an inestimable boon upon his countrymen.

[illegible] not been driven by circumstances into the wild [illegible] politics, he would as a scientist have ranked with the [illegible] Inductive Philosophy, with the Discoverer of [illegible] Law, with the Captor of the [illegible]

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[illegible] is covered by all its associates. [illegible] Franklin, Washington, and the [illegible] Jefferson [illegible] Nature, after a thousand [illegible] to accomplish which [illegible] assures that "one must live like a

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hermit and work like a horse." Jefferson subscribed to the last half of Eldon's dictum, but scorned the first half utterly, for all his days he was the most sociable of mortals, being at home equally with the plain people and with the greatest of the sons of men.

While mathematics was such a perpetual delight to him that he habitually carried with him a pocketbook of logarithms as an aid in intricate calculations, he was thoroughly grounded in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, and was in posse as universal a linguist as Elihu Burritt, "The Learned Blacksmith." With much labor, indefatigable industry, and infinite patience, he collected fifty Indian vocabularies, the loss of which by theft he mourned always.

As a presidential scholar, he stands in a class with John Quincy Adams and James Abram Garfield. He was so "cunning with his pen," to borrow a happy phrase from John Adams, that in point of literary excellence his "Summary View of the Rights of British America," his "Declaration of American Independence," and his first Inaugural Address rank with Milton's Prose, the letters of Alexander Pope, and the Book of Common Prayer.

To please a friend and as a mental recreation he wrote his "Notes on Virginia," which is an authority to this day and which is as pleasant reading as Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," and much more instructive.

Famous as Fiddler.—He possessed fine musical talent and was a famous fiddler, drawing the bow with the zest, if not with the skill, of Paganini and Ole Bull.

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animals. He was a skillful horseman, and until the day of his death, when past the Psalmist's extreme allotment of four-score years, he would ride nothing but the pick and choice of Virginia thoroughbreds. Some of his favorite saddle horses, notably "Wildair" and "Eagle," have reputations as enduring as Alexander's "Bucephalus," Napoleon's "Marengo," Wellington's "Copenhagen," Robert E. Lee's "Traveler," Stonewall Jackson's "Old Sorrel," or Philip H. Sheridan's "Rienzi."

Father of Public Schools.—Believing with all his heart that the intelligence of the masses is the true basis of free government, in his younger days he evolved the system of public schools now in vogue, which we boast is the chief bulwark of our liberties, and after retiring from the presidency founded the University of Virginia—one of the greatest institutions of learning on the whole face of the earth. By these two achievements—to say nothing of his political teachings—he has perhaps exerted a wider influence over the minds of men than any of his predecessors or successors in the Chief Magistracy of the Republic.

He must be counted among the greatest lawgivers of his time. By abolishing the unjust and unnatural rule of primogeniture he conferred a permanent benefaction upon his fellow-citizens, and his Statute of Religious Freedom is one of the three things on which he chose to rest his fame in his celebrated epitaph and which he deemed his cleverest titles to the gratitude of future generations.

Had his scheme of gradual and rational emancipation

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been adopted the chances are that we would have escaped the countless horrors and calamities of the war between the States. He, and not Nathan Dane, was the real author of the ordinance for the government of the Northwest Territory, although Daniel Webster undertook to give the honor to the latter. Jefferson was virtually the author of the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which are in the nature of a Bill of Rights, and which contain the essence of human freedom.

He was so thoroughly grounded in the principles of government of the people, by the people, and for the people, that he was a potent factor in two revolutions—one in America, the other in France—the purpose of which was to establish the twin propositions that "All men are created equal" and that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." So clear was his vision as a statesman that, after a century of legislation, we have not attained his lofty standard of political conduct. The strongest proof of his versatility is the fact that he is more frequently quoted than any other statesman the world has ever known.

The Democratic Creed.—When Jefferson delivered his first inaugural, which has become a classic, and which, if I had my way about it, every boy and girl in America should commit to memory as a literary exercise, for among his other excellences he wrote better English than any man that ever set foot on the American continent, he stated the Democratic creed in these words:

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"Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political:

"Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none;

"The support of the State Governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies;

"The preservation of the general Government, in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad;

"A jealous care of the right of election by the people, a mild and safe corrective of abuses, which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided;

"Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism;

"A well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace for the first moments of war till regulars may relieve them;

"The supremacy of the civil over the military authority;

"Economy in public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened;

"The honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith;

"Encouragement of agriculture and of commerce as its handmaid;

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"The diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason.

"Freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person under the protection of the Habeas Corpus and trial by juries impartially selected.

"These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reform. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust, and should we wander from them in moments of error or alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety."

To this all-embracing creed Jefferson's disciples this night avow their allegiance with the same fervor as did James Madison, James Monroe, Albert Gallatin, and the Democrats of their day. If the American people lived up in good faith to that declaration of principles we would have a well-nigh perfect government.

What Government Should Do.—Another passage out of that inaugural should be burned into the memory of every man, woman, and child betwixt the two seas. It runs in this wise:

"With all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens,—a wise and frugal government

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which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned."

The sort of government described in that paragraph is precisely what the Democrats of to-day are striving for. The idea therein contained and so happily expressed is the perfection of Democracy, the people's rule.

What is the secret of this man's wonderful hold on the minds, hearts, and imagination of mankind? It was his intense love of liberty. That was the master passion of his soul. He believed in the equality of all men before the law. That was the basic principle of his creed. He believed with his whole heart in the honesty, the patriotism, and the good sense of the masses of the people. He loved them with all the intensity of his nature, and they repaid that love in scriptural measure—heaped up, pressed down, and running over. Ever since he wrote the Declaration of Independence, wherever men have been struggling for freedom in any quarter of the globe his name has been their inspiration, and could he return to earth, while he would rejoice in the marvelous physical development which has taken place since his death, the thing at which he would rejoice most would be the spread of liberty throughout the world.

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON.—It is impossible to think of Thomas Jefferson without thinking of Alexander Hamilton. They were antagonists in life; they are antagonists

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in history, and they are antagonists in their graves. Jefferson proclaimed that all men are created equal, and that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. On the other hand his great antagonist distrusted the people and believed in the aristocracy or monarchial theory of government. He boldly declared that the British Government, with King and Lords and Commons, was the best ever devised by the wit of man. He believed till the day of his death that the Constitution was —to use his own words—"a weak and worthless fabric," "a mere rope of sand." It is true, and the truth should be stated, that Hamilton rendered valuable service in the New York Convention, and in the Federalist in having the Constitution adopted, but he did so because it was the strongest he could get, not because it was strong enough to suit him. Here is a hard nut for the psychologist to crack. How did it happen that Thomas Jefferson, who by birth, lineage, and education and environment was an aristocrat, should have been the greatest leveler that ever appeared on this continent—the very incarnation of the people's rule, the chief priest, apostle, and propagandist of democracy, and that Hamilton, who was born in the West Indies and who had no such great family connection as had Jefferson, and who by every rule of reason should have been a democrat, was the head and front of the aristocratic party in America. It is absolutely true that history is frequently stranger than fiction.

THE TARIFF AND TRUSTS.—We claim to be the disciples

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of Thomas Jefferson, and what do we stand for to-day? We are as much against special privilege, and as much in favor of equal rights to all as he was. We believe and we proclaim our faith in the great body of the people, and that the law should give every citizen an equal opportunity in the race of life. We won the election of 1910 on these principles—stated, perhaps, in a different way, but on the principles enunciated by Jefferson nevertheless. And the Democratic House over which I have the honor to preside has kept the faith, and has redeemed, or is in process of redeeming, every promise made in order to achieve that victory.

The high protective tariff system and the trusts are bottomed on special privilege against which Jefferson contended all his life. It is unjust to use the taxing power to enrich a few men at the expense of the great body of the taxpayers. The Government has the right to take in the way of taxation every dollar that it needs for its own economical and effective administration. I put in the word "effective" because no good citizen, by whatever political name called, desires to see the government crippled in any legitimate function. But every dollar wrung from the taxpayers beyond the needs of government economically and efficiently administered is an outrage on justice and on patriotism, even though done under the forms of law. The high protective tariff is the mother of trusts. The trusts will never be abolished until the tariff is cut to revenue basis, or to as close an approximation thereto as

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proposes to put a stop to it. He does not intend that this Government, which, with all its faults, is the best that the sun ever shone upon, shall be destroyed through corruption. Therefore the average citizen has made up his mind that the expense of election shall be so reduced that poor men as well as rich men may aspire to serve their country in public places.

We promised to liberalize the rules of the House, and we have done it. It was said that if the rules were liberalized, particularly if the Speaker were taken off of the Rules Committee, of which he was chairman, and practically of which he was the whole thing, and if the power of appointing committees was taken from him, business could not be transacted, order could not be maintained, decorum could not be preserved and chaos would return. We deprived the Speaker of the chairmanship of the Committee on Rules; we took him off of the Rules Committee, and we made the committees elective by the House, and yet all observers of the situation will testify that order has never been more thoroughly maintained in the House; that decorum has never been more constantly preserved; that business has never been more greatly expedited, and that chaos has been conspicuous only by its absence.

Record of the House.—The present Democratic House has passed more constructive legislation than any other House since the Government was organized, in the same length of time. In fact, we have set the high-water mark for constructive statesmanship for all the Houses

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that shall come after us. Every member of the House feels that he has been treated with absolute fairness, and there has not been an unseemly scene in the House since it was organized. We promised to admit New Mexico and Arizona as two separate States. It is a shame that they were not admitted when Wyoming, Idaho, the Dakotas, Montana, and Washington were admitted.

We promised to economize, and we are proceeding to do so as we pass the great appropriation bills through the House. Every one of them is being reduced wherever reduction is possible, keeping always in view the good of the public service. I know that economy is one of the dryest subjects under heaven. It is dryer than a powder house in a drouth in the month of August. But when I was a boy back in the hill country of Anderson County I heard an old rough-and-ready country doctor say that the most sensitive nerve in the human anatomy was the nerve leading to the pocketbook, and the average citizen believes with old Ben Franklin that a penny saved is a penny made, and while all good citizens are willing to contribute their just proportion of money to support the Government, they are bitterly opposed to spending two dollars where one dollar will do the same work effectively. We began economizing where charity should begin—at home—by lopping off over a hundred supernumerary officials in the House and turning their salaries, amounting to about $200,000, into the Treasury.

Party's Tariff Record.—We promised to reduce the

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tariff. There was nothing equivocal about that, and we proceeded to redeem that promise at the extra session of Congress. We passed a tariff bill which would have saved to the American people about $500,000,000 a year of tariff burdens. It should never be forgotten that under a high protective tariff system, where one dollar goes into the coffers of the Government, about five dollars go into the pockets of the tariff barons. Five hundred million dollars is about five dollars a head for the American citizen, $27.50 for the average family. To some folks this may seem like a small economy, but as the average head of a family, which is the unit of our civilization, consisting of five and a half persons, receives only about $400 a year, it is a cruel outrage to gouge him out of $27.50 of his meager income and give it to the tariff barons already rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

President Taft vetoed all our tariff bills, thereby raising an issue which will rage with unabated fury until the polls close in November. Under the Constitution he has the prerogative of using the veto. So has the King of Great Britain, but no British King has dared use the veto in two centuries, and the first British King who does veto an important bill will be the last of his line, just as William Howard Taft will be the last of the Standpat Presidents. He made his record; we made ours. On that record we confidently appeal to the people, the court of last resort in politics.

Big Saving In Sugar.—At this regular session we have

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